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OCTOBER 4, 1985

ORBACHEV IS WORRIED

—See page 34

NATIONAL REVIEW

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THE AWFUL LOGIC OF GENOCIDE

JEAN-FRANÇOIS REVEL

Also in This Issue:

Rosanne T. Klass · Juliette Fournot

Bethell on the Soviet Leadership

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73361 64544

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Silent partners in world health

Schistosomiasis affects as many as 200 million people in Africa, Asia, the Middle East, Puerto Rico and Latin America. It is often called "snail fever" because at one stage of their life cycle, *Schistosoma* worms infect snails that live on the bottom of rivers and streams. These parasites invade the skin of humans who drink, wash or swim in contaminated waters. They can cause severe itching, fever, diarrhea, and eventually irreversible damage to the liver. For 16 years, researchers visiting the island of St. Lucia in the Caribbean have been testing the practicality of various methods of control. Three approaches have proven to be most effective.

First, a public health team sprayed the rivers and streams of St. Lucia to get rid of infested snails. New plumbing facilities were constructed to assure a supply of uncontaminated water. Finally, treatment of people carrying the parasite was greatly facilitated by a drug developed and supplied by Pfizer. While previous treatments had to be given by injection, this drug was given orally only once, making it much simpler to reach a large number of people. The total control and elimination of the parasite is not yet a reality, but this combined medical and environmental program has done much to make life better for the people of the island.

Developing a drug such as this is a significant task that takes a decade or more and tens of millions of dollars. It generally involves the synthesis of hundreds of compounds in the organic chemistry laboratory. These compounds are then screened for antiparasitic activity. If one or more of them shows promise, the next step is to do toxicity studies and learn all about how the potential new drugs behave in laboratory animals. Only after completion of extensive, time-consuming animal studies can the drug be tested for safety and effectiveness in humans. And clinical trials in human patients can last for several years. If the clinical trials indicate that the drug should be made available, new technology must be developed to produce it on a mass basis, and in cases like this, with little if any profitability for the developer.

Drug research and development isn't always "good theater." And it's largely a team endeavor generally without charismatic heroes. The days of Paul Ehrlich and his "magic bullet" are long past. The work of the pharmaceutical industry isn't usually the stuff of TV documentaries. More often, the industry has been the silent partner of government agencies, physicians, nurses and their associates working together to improve public health in St. Lucia and other developing countries.

In the Third World, pharmaceuticals are perhaps even more important than in advanced industrial countries. Often they are the only form of advanced medical technology which is practicable. Other forms of care, such as surgery, are often too cumbersome and too demanding of scarce resources. Drugs, by comparison, are portable, relatively inexpensive and comparatively simple to use.

The vast majority of drugs for the Third World and also for developed countries originate in the pharmaceutical industry. The government agencies do not have the broad expertise or resources for drug development, and medical schools and universities have different missions. Only the major research/pharmaceutical companies have the necessary skills and resources. Most manufacturers of generic drugs lack the research capabilities to create new drugs and test them for safety and efficacy. And that's only one reason an economically viable research-based pharmaceutical industry is important to all of us.

Pfizer is pleased to have been a partner in helping to reduce the hazards of one of the world's more widespread health problems. Pfizer is also pleased to be working on other solutions to similar health problems around the world.

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Cover design by Colleen Lawlor
Photo by Charles Bork

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. © National Review, Inc., 1985. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

RATES: $34.00 a year (25 issues). Add $11.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

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LETTERS

Who's Kissinger Now?

While warning us of the threat of Soviet nuclear superiority ["How to Live with the Bomb," Sept. 20], former President Nixon seems to have forgotten the diplomatic conditions under which it developed. Détente set the table for the Soviets' arms feast, while American lack of resolve in the late Seventies allowed them to finish their meal uninterrupted.

Could Mr. Nixon be suffering from what Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn calls the "Kissinger Syndrome"? Its victims, in his words, are "individuals [who], while holding high office, pursue a policy of appeasement and capitulation . . . but immediately upon retirement the scales fall from their eyes and they begin to advocate firmness and resolution."

Jay Hawkins
Ware, Mass.

Uncivilized Subject

It is not possible to have a "civilized exchange" on abortion ["Abortion: A Civilized Exchange," by Ernest van den Haag and John T. Noonan Jr., Sept. 6]. The term in question presupposes that both of the participants in the exchange are civilized. In the case of a debate over abortion, one of the participants has loosed the bonds of civilization by advocating the destruction of innocent human life. One might as well conjure up a "civilized exchange" between Solzhenitsyn and one of the many apologists for the Gulag.

Thomas J. Piatak
Rochester, Mich.

I found Ernest van den Haag's advocacy of abortion on anatomical grounds unconvincing, and John Noonan's response unsatisfying. Although not admitting it outright, van den Haag equates sentience —the ability to experience pain and pleasure—with the essence of humanity. No reason is given for this equation, and that is because none exists. An animal experiences pain, but is not human. An anaesthetized man cannot experience pain, but retains his humanity.

The most remarkable position taken by van den Haag is his explicit disregard of "metaphysics and philosophy," as though such were trinkets in a large arena. Noonan's failing was that he responded entirely on van den Haag's terms. Questions of morality and philosophy are integral and cannot be avoided. Van den Haag implicitly recognizes this by opposing abortions after the first trimester. Such opposition must rest on moral grounds. Assuming van den Haag is correct in stating that we do not know when the fetus becomes human, we must err on the side of humanity.

John P. DeMaio
Yonkers, N.Y.

Rewriting History

I wonder whether the average reader has really seen the crucial point in Donald R. Cotter's alternative tale about the end of World War II ["How World War II Really Ended," Aug. 23]. It is the account of Japan's refusal to accept the unconditional-surrender ultimatum—a formula invented by the genial FDR to prolong the war in Europe. (There it paralyzed the whole German opposition.) He who knows the East Asian mentality should have realized that (as a rule) death to these people is preferable to unconditional surrender. The Japanese tried to get concrete peace terms in April through the Vatican, in July through Moscow, the noble ally of the democracies. Moreover, the bomb could have been dropped in an uninhabited area as a demonstration. Instead it was dropped on Hiroshima on the feast of Christ's Transfiguration and on Nagasaki, the cradle of Japanese Christianity, wiping out 8 per cent of all Catholics there, the descendants of the underground Church that had suffered through 265 years, aided merely by two sacraments, baptism and matrimony. (No priests!) The destruction of these two cities was entirely superfluous, and the vast majority of my American friends were horrified by it.

Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn
Lans, Tyrol, Austria

Your "ending of the war" piece was rather amusing to one who was there and who personally worked on the Olympic Operation Plan in the field.

As some revisionist historians suspected, FDR also gave Japan to Stalin at Yalta. A secret agreement was entered into without Secretary of State Stettinius's knowledge. That agreement stipulated that Russia would participate in the invasion of Kyushu. Our Second Marine Division was ordered under Olympic to rendezvous with a Soviet division at sea.

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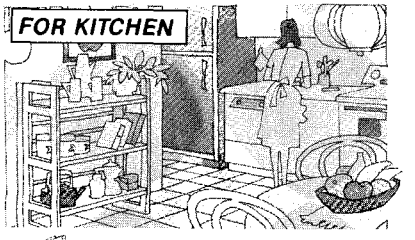

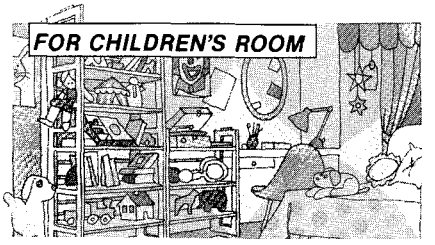

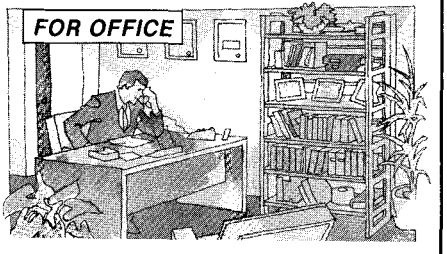

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Actual Soviet participation in the invasion of Japan would have given Stalin the absolute right to claim Japan as war spoils since it was in the Soviet sphere of influence.

However, on FDR's sudden death, President Truman became aware of the Olympic Operation and gave orders to Los Alamos to test and prepare the bombs posthaste, to preclude any need for the scheduled November 1 landings. Harry Truman should thus be a patron saint to the Japanese, for the invasion would have been costly in human terms (too costly; I'd have perished), and the advent of the bombs kept Japan from falling prey to Stalin.

Erik Aberg
Solomons, Md.

Read Sermons

I very much enjoyed and agreed with most of William F. Rickenbacker's essay on letter writing ["Mail Call," July 26]; but he loses his bet—i.e., "I wager that no reader of this page has read a sermon published in the last fifty years." You needn't be a Presbyterian, or even a Protestant (the Jesuits of *America* are among his admirers), to read sermons in the great homiletic tradition by the Scottish-American Dr. David H. C. Read of New York's Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church: Deeply meditated, beautifully written, they are often literature of a very high order, in faithful succession to "a handful of letters from Saul of Tarsus." Dr. Read recently celebrated his thirtieth year of preaching in America; he was also Chaplain to the Queen of England in Scotland, preached for five years in a German POW camp (as a prisoner), and continues to preach in French and German, once in the latter language before the assembled West German government as its guest.

Dr. Read's sermons are available by mail from his church at 921 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021.

M. D. Aeschliman
Free Union, Va.

Lemon Twist

With all due respect to NATIONAL REVIEW's intellectual grasp of complex issues, you shouldn't have tried to tell the extremely complicated story of the production, pricing, and marketing of lemons in 144 words ["The Week," Aug. 23].

The "obscure" regulation—by which you must mean the lemon marketing order—has been around for more than forty years, surely long enough for even something obscure to be known in its basic elements. Essentially, it permits an industry committee—without government subsidies—to move lemons to market in an orderly fashion after calculating how much fresh fruit can be absorbed by consumers in any given week. From that calculation, each farmer gets an allocation, according to the size of his production. That does not guarantee him a sale, especially since overall shipments are often greater than demand—and growers, whether they sell through Sunkist or other marketers, compete vigorously for market share.

Russell L. Hanlin
President
Sunkist Growers, Inc.
Van Nuys, Calif.

Non-Ethnicity

Lately you published ["The Week," May 31] some statements that were erroneous and potentially harmful. The substance of these statements was that American Jews are "ethnics" (that is, recognizably different from other Americans because of unique lifestyle, language, dress, and so on) and that they hold, jointly, a "foreign policy." This is a concept that is not only incorrect but dangerous because it segregates Jews, targets them for special treatment, and in a very real sense takes away their option to behave as they wish—they are, all too easily, considered disloyal either to "their own"

America is moving closer to war— and further from strength

In HEAVY LOSSES, two veteran Washington journalists reveal in full and chilling detail—and without ideological bias—the truth about the American defense establishment. They show us:

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- a government beholden to the narrow interests of key politicans and defense manufacturers
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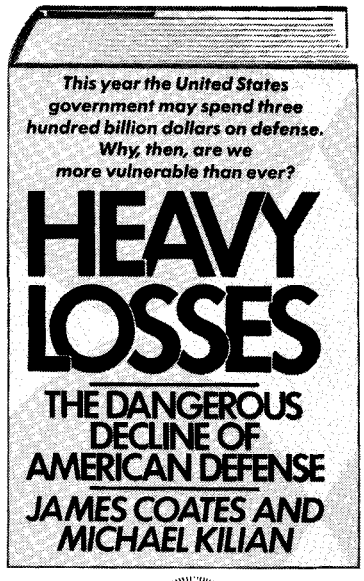
—Rep. Danny Smith (R, Oregon)
Chairman, House Military Reform Caucus


This year the United States government may spend three hundred billion dollars on defense. Why, then, are we more vulnerable than ever?
HEAVY LOSSES
THE DANGEROUS DECLINE OF AMERICAN DEFENSE
JAMES COATES AND MICHAEL KILIAN

VIKING

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or to "greater America." It is very true that many Jews act in concert; but this fact, and the concomitant fact that such actions are publicized, should not be allowed to distort the reality of Jewish behavior. This reality is that Jews come in all sizes, shapes, and points of view, and are—with the ongoing exception of newly arrived immigrants—not ethnically distinctive in any way.

Marcia Friedman
Executive Director
The American Council for Judaism
New York, N.Y.

Delectable

Nika Hazelton's Delectations contest [June 14] was both fun and interesting, and reading all the entries in her column was an absolute delight. Another possibility for a contest in *NR* might be to have Jeff MacNelly draw a cartoon and let *NR* readers suggest captions for it.

Again, let me thank the totally just and incorruptible judges for their excellent sense of humor and the beautiful *NR* prize tie. It made my day.

Neal S. Frederiksen
St. Louis, Mo.

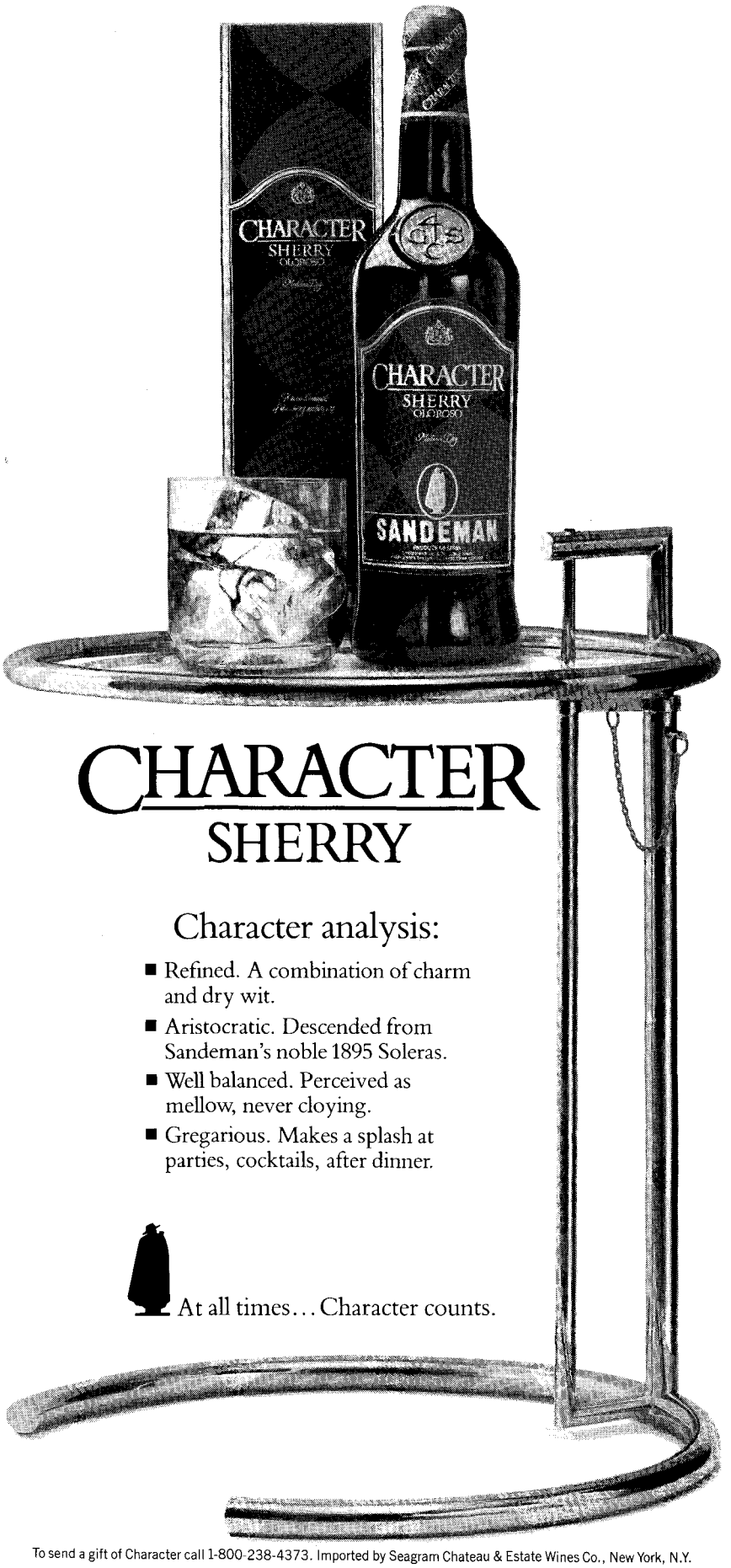
Fordham Fracas III

In response to your editorial concerning Fordham University and Dr. Phyllis Zagano ["The Week," July 26], Francis Canavan, SJ, reproached you and defended Fordham by pointing out that the plight of Dr. Zagano in no measure reflects the attitude of Fordham University toward women and toward Roman Catholic values. Would that this were so.

Dr. Zagano's case has served to bring to public attention the fact that Fordham University has employed the services of a prominent apologist for pornography as a tenured professor of communications. Having examined zesty portions of Dr. Gordon's collected works, including guest editorials for *Screw* magazine and a chapter from his magnum opus, *Erotic Communications*, I am of the opinion that, whatever it is that Dr. Gordon teaches, it is surely at odds with "the Jesuit tradition," which is all that remains of Fordham's identification with the Church of Rome these days.

Responses like Father Canavan's ["Letters," Aug. 23] serve only to obfuscate the issue. If the university, in a fit of *noblesse oblige*, were to reinstate Dr. Zagano with back pay, it would not address the question why an "academician" with the pedigree of Dr. Gordon is teaching at even a nominally Roman Catholic institution.

Sean Patrick Walsh
New York, N.Y.



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FOR THE RECORD

The Administration's vaunted "fall offensive," say **Evans & Novak**, has turned into the "fall defensive," as White House aides advocate what E&N call "abject surrender" to Senate Majority Leader **Robert Dole** and other Republicans on the Hill who favor South African sanctions, protectionism, and watering down of tax provisions. . . . As might have been expected, **Ronald Reagan**'s announcement of sanctions by executive order has been blasted Left, Center, and Right. But, say the pros, it may have been a tactical win. . . . Not much publicity given to **Gallup** poll on South Africa that asked: What should U.S. do next? Answer: Nothing, 44 per cent. Only 8 per cent voted for sanctions, 2 per cent for withdrawal of U.S. investment from South Africa. . . . Rep. **Dan Rostenkowski**, chairman of House Budget Committee, says his committee should be able to write a tax bill in next three weeks, but hints that his top rate could be above 35 per cent. No deal, says Treasury Secretary **James Baker**. Three things Administration will insist on are top rate of 35 per cent, smaller burden on working poor, retention of deductions for home mortgages. . . . Rep. **Robert K. Dornan** (R., Calif.) is so sure Reagan will find FY '86 appropriations bills unacceptable, he has sent President a list of 147 congressmen who have pledged to sustain a presidential veto. . . . House and Senate Democrats, emboldened by their success in sinking **William Bradford Reynolds**'s appointment to No. 3 job at Justice, say they will now go after other Reagan judicial appointments, one of which, it is reported, would be naming of former senator, former Under Secretary of State **James L. Buckley** to 2nd Circuit Court of Appeals (N.Y., Conn., Vt.).

Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph*/Rothco

"It looks like further privatization."

Departing White House Political Director **Edward Rollins** sees these four as the most endangered Republican senators running for re-election in 1986: **Paula Hawkins** (Fla.), **John East** (N.C.), **James Abdnor** (S.D.), and **Mark Andrews** (N.D.); next in line, conservatives **Jeremiah Denton** (Ala.) and **Mack Mattingly** (Ga.), and liberals **Charles Mathias** (Md.) and **Arlen Specter** (Pa.). . . . Specter has his worries: Popular Gov. **Richard Thornburgh** says he may run in primary against Specter, and one poll, according to **Kevin Phillips**, shows him 13 points ahead in face-off. Thornburgh ingratiated himself with Administration by supporting non-deductibility of state and local taxes in new tax bill; Specter enraged Administration by voting against Reynolds. . . . In Illinois, it's now official: Republican Gov. **Jim Thompson** will run again, bad news for **Adlai Stevenson III** and state Attorney General **Neil F. Hartigan**, the likely Democratic challengers. . . . In Ohio, conservative Rep. **Thomas Kindness** (ACU 88) plans to run against Sen. **John Glenn**. . . . In Connecticut, retiring Yale President **A. Bartlett Giamatti** continues to make noises about running against Sen. **Christopher Dodd** next year. What recent GOP senators does Giamatti admire? (Hang on there!) **Lowell Weicker**, Charles Mathias, **Jacob Javits**, **Clifford Case**, **John Sherman Cooper**, according to *Litchfield County Times*. . . . **Arthur Laffer** could just make that big race in California for **Alan Cranston**'s seat more fun. The senatorial candidate and discoverer of the Laffer Curve told Houston audience the other night: "You've all heard about economists who politicize, but have you heard of a politician who economizes?"

Three weeks before **Walter Polovchak**'s 18th birthday, ACLU legal director **Harvey Grossman** was back in court trying desperately to make it possible for Polovchak's Ukrainian parents to take him back to Soviet Union. Young Polovchak will turn 18 on Oct. 3, freeing him from further harassment. In biting *Human Events* column, Prof. **Alan Dershowitz** charged that politicization of ACLU, as evidenced by its actions in Polovchak case, is leading to "an increasing hypocrisy in the positions it takes and a tragic decrease in its credibility." . . . One of the two U.S. publishers who didn't receive visas for the Moscow Book Fair was **Jeri Laber**, identified as executive director of the Helsinki Watch Committee. Miss Laber is also co-author of *Tears, Blood, and Cries: Human Rights in Afghanistan since the Soviet Invasion*, published last December. The other bannee was **Robert Bernstein**, president of Random House and chairman of Helsinki Watch. . . . **Jack MacRae**, chairman of International Freedom to Publish, responded tartly to Soviet complaint that the U.S. is publishing fewer Soviet books than it used to. Absolutely true, said MacRae, and the reason is that "most of the good Soviet writers are in internal exile, in external exile, or in prison." . . . Coming out in Washington, *The National Interest*, a new neoconservative quarterly on foreign affairs, publisher **Irving Kristol**, editor **Owen Harries**. On the board: **Jeane Kirkpatrick**, **Martin Feldstein**, **Midge Decter**, **Charles Krauthammer**, **Edward Luttwak**, **Henry Kissinger**. . . . Also in works, *Insight*, a new weekly news magazine of the *Washington Times*, **Arnaud de Borchgrave**, editor-in-chief.

Going the rounds in Moscow: Who supports **Mikhail Gorbachev** in the superannuated Politburo? Answer: "Nobody has to. He can get around on his own."

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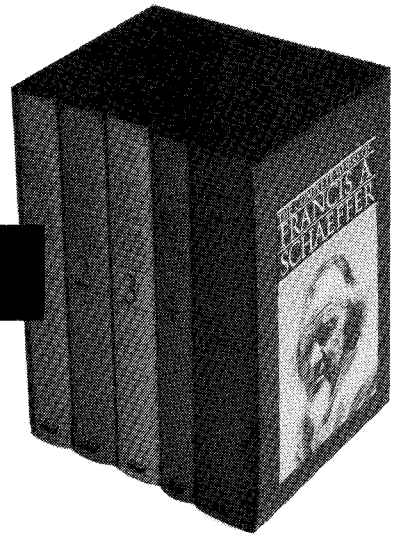

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THE WEEK

☐ Why doesn't the President just say something like this: "We are opposed in principle to both Communism and apartheid. However, we will take action only against nations that seek to export these evils."

☐ Those rustling, fluttering, throat-clearing noises you hear are the sound of liberal editors trying to decide what to say about the latest economic statistics, which show unemployment and poverty both down sharply. The jobless rate dropped three-tenths of a point to 6.9 per cent, the lowest it has been in five years. The group that was . . . whatever the reverse is of "hardest hit" . . . was black teenagers, whose jobless rate showed a satisfying drop of more than nine points (from 43.3 to 34.1 per cent). The liberals would not be so discomfited if they had not made such extreme claims about the evils of Reaganomics, but they've really made it sound as if that policy would inevitably lead to ever-widening circles of misery. A more modest fall-back claim, better supported by the evidence, would be simply that Reaganomics did not succeed in its early years in abolishing the business cycle—but that is a claim that lacks emotional resonance, since nothing else has either.

☐ With a recent poll showing that fewer than one out of five American respondents favor sanctions against South Africa, the President has sought to appease the pro-sanction crowd. How's he doing? "A desperate attempt to rescue a failed policy," says Jesse Jackson. Randall Robinson, of the Free South Africa Movement, accuses Reagan of "reflexive sympathy for the white minority government." Mary Berry, of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, says he is "giving aid and comfort to the Botha government." Ted Kennedy says the sanctions don't go far enough; Tip O'Neill calls them phony; Bishop Tutu calls Reagan "a racist." The *New York Times* terms Reagan's "conversion" welcome, "but, being late and grudging, it is also suspect." Both the *Times* and the *Washington Post*, in their front-page headlines, refer to the move as a "reversal," i.e., a capitulation rather than an affirmation of principle. It appears to have earned him not respect but contempt.

☐ Eleanor "Welcher" Smeal is now president of the National Organization for Women. NOW is losing membership and is $1 million in debt, not counting the $100 she owes *NR* editor Jeffrey Hart on a Mondale-Reagan bet. Nevertheless, in a speech before the National Press Club "Welcher" Smeal called for a "mass mobilization" of women on behalf of the usual junk. Her essential coarseness was demonstrated during the question period, when she denominated as "fascists" Senators Jesse Helms and Orrin Hatch, plus Richard Viguerie and Paul Weyrich. Ms. "Welcher" may not know it, but when last heard from all of those gentlemen—unlike Mussolini and Hitler—were for less, rather than more, government. One is tempted to call this McCarthyism, just for fun. Well, no. It's just sheer stupidity: Smealism.

☐ In California, the bodies of 16,500 aborted fetuses were finally disposed of after a three-year court battle between radical feminists and pro-life groups. The bodies had been found in a vat at the home of a man who ran a medical laboratory, and they were turned over to the Catholic League of Southern California for burial with religious services. At which point a feminist group, represented by the ACLU, filed suit on the grounds that the fetuses were merely biological tissue, not the remains of human beings, and that therefore services were inappropriate and provocative. Although President Reagan wrote to support the move to "hold a memorial service for these children," the California State Supreme Court ruled that the service would violate the constitutional separation of church and state. So the fetuses were disposed of without religious services. Let us pray.

☐ A story is making the rounds in European capitals about a meeting alleged to have taken place between French President François Mitterrand and one of his cabinet ministers. Mitterrand confided to the cabinet minister that he knew little about economics prior to his election, having studied history at the university. "But," he said, "I have learned an important lesson about economics in the last three years. Socialism will only work if you have a functioning capitalist society. And even then—only for a short while."

☐ If the press talked about Ronald Reagan the way it has been talking about Mikhail Gorbachev, it would stand accused of superpatriotism. *Time* ran a glorious

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18-page cover spread on the Soviet "leader" (not to be confused with right-wing "dictators" and "strongmen"), including an interview whose questions were so deferential they might have been prepared by the editors of *Pravda*. (Nothing about Afghanistan, Poland, human rights.) One typical query: "The events of recent weeks, such as the U.S. announcement of the ASAT test and the spy-dust charges, could hardly have been helpful in terms of preparations for the summit meeting. Is this type of thing seriously damaging?" Columnists Tom Wicker, Joseph Kraft, and Mary McGrory are gloating over Gorbachev's propaganda skill. Wicker: Gorbachev "has been running rings around [Reagan] in pre-summit propaganda." Kraft: Western Europeans "are pleased to have a Soviet leader who, in the European tradition, is no pushover for the Americans." Miss McGrory: "The only fear that Reagan has is that the country is too decent for its own good and therefore a setup for the malevolent, ruthless, godless Kremlin commissars." For all three, the real question isn't whether Gorbachev is serious about arms control, but whether Reagan is.

☐ Radio Martí, under congressional instructions not to bite, has been criticized by some for refusing even to bark—during its first few months it broadcast mostly soap operas and pop music. Apparently, though, the explanation of Martí director Ernesto Betancourt —that the brand-new Martí hadn't yet hired sufficient investigative staff—was legitimate. Its shakedown cruise completed, Martí has broadcast its first important exposé—an account of the 1980 sinking, by Cuban military aircraft, of a Cuban excursion boat that had been hijacked by two soldiers seeking to leave Cuba during the Mariel exodus. Seventy people were aboard for a pleasure cruise, reports Radio Martí, and many were killed in the attack. Though Radio Martí was able to locate some twenty Cuban émigrés with knowledge of the incident, it had never been reported in the Western press.

☐ Pol Pot, the Pete Rose of Communism, is retiring, only ten years after undertaking to transform Cambodia according to what Anthony Lewis called "a vision of a new society"—albeit a less populous society, by two or three million Cambodians. The Khmer Rouge are now out of power, having been displaced by a Hanoi-installed regime, so it will be left to Pol Pot's successor, one Son Sen, to try to restore Camelot. The most remarkable fact about Pol Pot is that even his devastations, biological and cultural, haven't taught all American liberals that Communism is *inherently* evil. Some still judge it, in Jean-François Revel's pithy phrase, not by its record but by its promises.

☐ Facing down a tough challenge from the left-wing opposition, Norway's Conservative-led coalition government narrowly won re-election to a second four-year term. During the campaign, the Left clamored for increased state spending and weakening of the country's NATO commitments, while Premier Kaare Willoch promised to stay the course and continue sweeping cutbacks in taxes, the role of government, and the extent of the welfare state. These efforts to increase the role of private enterprise in Norwegian life have met with great success, inflation and unemployment having been kept down to 5.7 and 4 per cent respectively, while profitability, investment, and new businesses are on the rise.

☐ Harrison Salisbury wrote the effusive introduction to Wilfred Burchett's 1981 memoir, *At the Barricades: Forty Years on the Cutting Edge of History*. In reviewing it, Thomas Powers described Burchett as a man of "uncommon honesty." For forty years, wherever in Asia the West confronted Communism—in China in the Forties, in Korea in the Fifties, in Indochina in the Sixties and Seventies—Australian journalist Wilfred Burchett was there turning out vitriolic copy about Western atrocities and barbarities, churning out the Communist line. And, in the West, he was read and listened to and emulated. Jane Fonda, Noam Chomsky, and Benjamin Spock bought his story. Now Professor Robert Manne of Latrobe University in Australia has had a posthumous look at Burchett's private papers and in *Quadrant* magazine he reveals: That Burchett wrote his father in April 1951 that he was in the pay of the Chinese Communists ("I would do anything at all for their people and government"). That he was awarded a war medal by North Korea (presumably for his services in originating the germ-warfare stories and in helping interrogate and torture Allied POWs): "Premier Kim Il Sung was very nice to me, greeted me as 'an old Comrade in arms.'" That in Vietnam he was given a house, a car, and a secretary, and "was equipped very beautifully." That in Moscow he worked under KGB Colonel Barsegov, "who ran the section of the KGB concerned with foreign correspondents." That he was much pleased by the reporting of correspondent Harrison Salisbury. As Burchett wrote his son: "Harrison said what I have

Democrats Scent a Program

With taxing a no-no, they've had to reject
The spending all liberals use to elect,
Resulting in allergies, acne, and nerves,
Which, secretly, no one believes he deserves.
What joy to discover, therefore, on the farm,
Where falling commodities cause such alarm,
A need for support (several billions would do),
Explaining why Tip is beginning to coo.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

CONCILIATION IS IN, confrontation out. "The Administration wants partnership, not pique," a White House aide told a Republican senator. "We've taken the edge off; we've quit talking vetoes, and we're pumping accommodation." Cases in point: South African sanctions, unilateral U.S. penalties against foreign textile and steel exporters (to ward off protectionist legislation by Congress), and the softening position on aid to the Farm Credit System. "Don Regan has put his Jim Baker uniform on."

Faced with a runaway legislative agenda that would have squandered his political capital and blurred his tax-reform focus, the President and his staff (Don Regan, Dennis Thomas, Max Friedersdorf, M. B. Oglesby, Mitch Daniels) concluded last weekend that the only way to manage the flying debris on the Hill was to funnel huge chunks of it through the deal-making chute, and clear the decks of everything except tax reform. In the same way, potential mavericks could be kept in line. "If the White House doesn't do something on farm credit, we'd jump ship completely," averred one of the fifty GOP members of Congress (eight senators, 42 representatives) from farm states who are up for re-election next year.

In late August, when the President was on his West Coast vacation, his staff was still talking tough on how it was going to cut more nonmilitary spending from the FY '86 budget. "That's a dead letter now," says a conservative congressman. "Don Regan realizes that a budget start-up in the House at this point would be from ground zero. Granted the resolution passed in August was a disaster; we'd still be crazy to try to stretch out the FY '86 budget battle. Better to get on to FY '87."

Assessing the winners and losers created by the President's new strategy of "constructive appeasement," the Conservative Opportunity Society claims victory for itself on the South Africa issue—victory, that is, over Pat Buchanan, Howard Phillips, Richard Viguerie, and other hard-liners who oppose any sanctions on the grounds that they would hurt blacks more than whites, stab the reformist government of P. W. Botha in the back, and further destabilize a rich Soviet target. "Essentially we now have a united Republican Party on South Africa," says COS member Vin Weber, "except for the hard Right and the hard Left. This signals to the nation that the Republicans condone neither apartheid nor racism, and we demand reform."

The Democratic Left (notably Steve Solarz and Bill Gray) is hurt by this presidential let's-make-a-deal posture, especially on the South African issue. "They run the risk of being isolated on the left," notes a White House senior aide, "just as the President had earlier run the risk of being isolated on the right." In an editorial supportive of the President, the *Washington Post* cautioned liberals not to reject the Reagan sanctions out of hand as being mere rhetoric, lest those liberals appear crudely political.

But the unhappiest of the losers, say political gurus here, has to be Jerry Falwell, who, after visiting South Africa, claimed that support for that government, and opposition to sanctions, was the moral position. On television, Reverend Falwell announced a nationwide crusade to get people to buy Krugerrands. Then Mr. Reagan goes on TV and announces that he'll try to get GATT to make the purchase of them illegal. "A lot of insiders in this city swear that the White House urged Jerry to get out in front on this issue to create a counterfire, and he obliged," says a born-again highly placed Hill staffer. "If so, Falwell must rank Number One in the *Guinness Book of World Records* among those who have had both legs cut out from under them."

One other putative casualty, an interesting one, of the White House appeasement strategy is Majority Leader Bob Dole, who, in his bid for the Presidency, has a game plan partially rooted in the separation of himself from the White House. "If Dole has ten issues, and he's with the President on seven, something's wrong," says a political counselor to Jack Kemp, analyzing Dole's tactical logic. "He's got to invent an 11th and a 12th. The White House conciliation move prevents Dole from pulling away as easily —it denies him distance." Of course, Dole can still win, first by simply claiming victory, and second by inventing yet another issue.

The consensus: Most political savants here, of all stripes, see Mr. Reagan's concessionist strategy as savvy maneuvering—carefully choosing the lesser of two political evils. —CATO

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been saying for a long time, but it is more important that it is said in the *New York Times*." "To describe Burchett as an objective and honest reporter," Manne concludes, "is the equivalent of calling Julius Streicher a commentator on German-Jewish affairs."

☐ Hoover Institution Senior Research Fellow Admiral James B. Stockdale (ret.) was all set to go again with his course Moral Dilemmas of War and Peace, which he teaches jointly with Emeritus Professor of Philosophy Philip H. Rhinelander, when he was suddenly informed that the course was not to be given this year. When Stockdale, a Congressional Medal of Honor winner who left the Navy as its most decorated member, asked why, he was told it had to do with "the Hoover-Stanford controversy." The crux of this controversy is that Stanford's liberal establishment cannot tolerate having a prominent conservative think-tank in its midst. Upon hearing of the cancellation of Stockdale's course, author (and Stanford alumnus) Kevin Starr took steps to withdraw support of a $1-million donation he was negotiating for the university. Stanford is now reconsidering. A cool million goes a long way toward furthering the examination of moral dilemmas in times of war, and peace.

☐ The Mexican government of President Miguel de la Madrid has taken some modest steps to the right on foreign policy, including re-opening full diplomatic relations with El Salvador. The Mexicans say one reason for this action is to boost the influence of the Contadora group—a sort of coffee klatsch for the

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underemployed foreign ministers of Mexico, Colombia, Panama, and Venezuela to gossip over why no one takes seriously their offer to arrange the future of Central America. A beginning. A small beginning.

☐ *New York Daily News* columnist Lars-Erik Nelson suffers from an undistributed middle, by which we refer not to his profile but to his logic. In a recent column he thought he found a gaping contradiction in *NR*, which 1) has come out for capital punishment, but 2) wondered whether Bruno Richard Hauptmann had been executed in error. Well, *NR* has never advocated executing innocent people. On the Hauptmann case, the point is as simple as that the prosecution should not be allowed to fabricate evidence. Furthermore, there is no doubt about the guilt of any recently executed prisoner in the United States.

☐ Early birds at the University of Minnesota picked up two credits for attending the Marxist Summer Institute the last week of August. Let nobody call this a Commie-front affair: It was straight Commie, with such old Party hands as Gil Green and Herbert Aptheker presiding, and with the co-sponsorship of the Institute of Philosophy of the Academy of Sciences of Cuba. One lecturer explained, for the benefit of the dull-witted, that the word "Marxist" should be reserved exclusively for what is truly "Marxist-Leninist." Aptheker called for a mass movement against American intervention in Latin America, *à la* the good old days of Vietnam. Only one light note was sounded: a philosopher offered advice on how to avoid getting AIDS ("Sit down and keep your mouth shut") that annoyed the red-and-lavender contingent.

☐ NORTH OF THE BORDER: From the Egg Marketing Board, to Friedman on Galbraith, to religion, economics, and social thought, the Fraser Institute has, for over a decade, been publishing academic books useful to both layman and specialist. The institute, whose editorial advisory board includes such notables as F. A. Hayek and Sir Alan A. Walters, addresses the major public-policy issues facing us today, dispelling collectivist cant and untangling Keynesian myth. "Always entertainingly relevant," according to one reviewer, the institute's books serve as a bridge between concerned academics and the general public. Its catalogue includes more than forty titles, at surprisingly affordable prices, and four different styles of the famous Adam Smith necktie (to be tied with an invisible hand, of course). For more information, write: The Fraser Institute, Executive Offices, 626 Bute Street, Vancouver, British Columbia V6E 3M1, Canada.

☐ The wave of conservative campus publications rolls on. There has just come to our attention the classy *Morningside Review*, a quarterly published by students at Columbia. It is well informed, impressive, readable, and generally neoconservative in outlook. Welcome aboard. *Morningside Review* has its offices at 213 Low Library, Columbia University, New York, N.Y. 10027, subscription ten bucks.

☐ Three Czechs are in the slammer for "misdeeds against the interests of socialist society," the socialist interpretation of the "crime" of smuggling "rosaries, crucifixes, and chalices" into the country.

There Go Textiles

I've learned to live with Gucci,
  And getting Rather's views
Through Sony or Hitachi
  Still smells like laundered news.
But towels labeled Hong Kong
  Or panties Chinese red
Mean party realignment
  Is hanging by a thread.

W. H. VON DREELE

Sheer Gadarene Swineism

IN THE Biblical account, a man possessed by evil spirits has been raging around amid the monuments of a cemetery. Jesus relieves the man of the evil spirits and permits them to enter into a nearby herd of swine, whereupon the swine frenziedly plunge over a cliff to their death in the sea.

This rich story is subject to many interpretations. Why a cemetery? Is the man in a spiritual wasteland? And why treat the swine that way? In any case, Jesus gave those swine a literary immortality as a parable of subrational frenzy.

Today, the nation's political leadership, Congress and White House alike, is possessed by a subrational frenzy on the subject of South Africa. It is being said that Mr. Reagan, by imposing sanctions, was moving to preserve his credibility in foreign policy and avoid a damaging veto override by Congress. The truth is that he has hurt his credibility and signed on with the forces promoting revolution in South Africa.

Paul Johnson, formerly editor of the British magazine *The New Statesman*, is the author of *Modern Times*, a classic work that raises information and common sense to the level of genius. Johnson puts the matter succinctly in the current issue of *Commentary*:

> The campaign of economic attrition now being waged within the United States against the Republic of South Africa, which is summed up in the word disinvestment, is an outstanding example of the power of political propaganda. That the United States, the richest country in the

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world, should deliberately set about destroying the economy of what is in some respects still a developing nation is an absurdity in itself, and a cruel absurdity. Such a policy might make some kind of brutal sense, in terms of Reapolitik, if it were to America's economic and political advantage to wreck the economy of South Africa. In fact, the reverse is true. The United States has absolutely nothing to gain, and a good deal to lose, if disinvestment inflicts radical damage. The truth is, the campaign makes no practical sense at all, as South Africans of all shades of political opinion—except the men of violence—have tried to explain to the American public. In no sense is it justifiable. It is, however, explicable on the assumption that the South African regime is a unique moral evil, whose wickedness is so great that the necessity for its destruction transcends all the rules governing relations between states and, indeed, the dictates of elementary common sense. That, in fact, is the assumption behind the campaign; and that is its moral basis.

Therein lies the triumph of propaganda. For South Africa is not unique. In many fundamental respects it is a typical African country.

Mr. Johnson goes on to explain in just what ways South Africa is typically African, but he understates his case. We can count at least thirty regimes on the African continent that are more objectionable than the one in Pretoria. All African regimes are "racist" and based on tribal power. In South Africa, several hundred people have died in the recent unrest, but tens of thousands have died and are dying in Uganda, Tanzania, Ethiopia, you name it. The Marxist regime in Angola is sustained by Cuban troops against guerrillas who have majority backing. To single out South Africa for special obloquy is simply insane.

Of course, we have seen the pattern often in the past.

The liberal mentality hated Chiang Kai-shek and did everything it could to bring him down. We got Mao Tse-tung instead, and thirty million corpses.

The liberal mentality pursued an unrelenting campaign against the corrupt Batista, so we got Castro and his concentration camps.

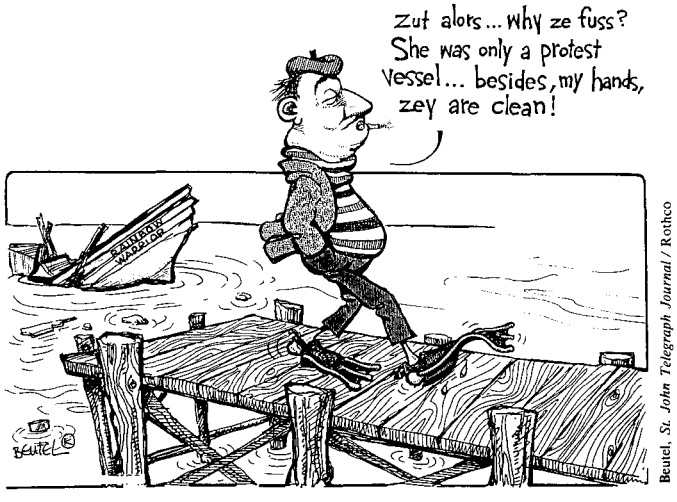
Always bringing worse out of bad enough, the liberal mentality campaigned against the Shah and helped to give us the Ayatollah.

Thieu was unsatisfactory, so we got Communism and 555,000 boat people. Lon Nol was a CIA tool. We got Pol Pot.

The liberal mentality demanded the overthrow of the Somoza regime. We got the Sandinistas.

The liberal mentality preferred the disastrous Marxism of Salvador Allende to the present military regime in Chile, and the liberal mentality is sniffing around for a possible disaster in the Philippines.

Mr. Reagan has made the wrong move. And he must know that his critics will now settle for nothing less than one man, one vote.



Beutel, *St. John Telegraph Journal* / Rothco

Yes, Virginia, the 1988 Race Is Under Way

EVERY FOUR YEARS at about this time pundits issue groans about the presidential campaign beginning too early. The *Washington Post* ran such an editorial a few weeks ago. Some of the pundits even long for the British system, in which a familiar parliamentary figure, long known to the political establishment, emerges as a potential prime minister. But the United States is a much larger and more varied nation, and our method of choosing candidates and then Presidents suits us. People are running for President virtually all the time. Jack Kennedy was running for President from the time of his first election to Congress, and probably before. He began running flat-out for the 1960 nomination in 1956, when he narrowly lost the vice presidential nomination to Estes Kefauver.

The situation in the Republican Party for 1988 is now becoming clear. The basic ingredient is that there are two Republican Parties, a fact long well-known but for the past few years partially obscured by the phenomenal popularity of President Reagan.

One Republican Party might be called Fordist, or even Hooverian. These Republicans want to balance the budget, which means protecting in-place federal spending, even if this means higher taxes and slower economic growth. Howard Baker and Senator Robert Dole have emerged as the candidates of this wing of the party, with Dole now eating into Baker's former support and polling around 25 per cent among rank-and-file Republicans.

Since 1932, most voters have perceived Republicans of this type as Scrooge-like. They never had much appeal outside the Northeast and the Midwest. They are not attractive to Southern Baptists, Catholic ethnics, Hispanics, blacks. The modern Fordist versions are not enthusiastic about social issues like busing, quotas, pornography. There was abundant suspicion, when the orthodox were dominant in the GOP, that they were content that the party remain a political

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It Feels So Good

Not since the days of World War II
Have liberals lined up to spew
So lustily, though no one knows
What happens when the last Boer goes.

W. H. VON DREELE

minority, even a WASP enclave. They came from safe Republican districts, the media called them "responsible," they had their perquisites, they got along fine with the Democratic majority. They showed their sense of place and power in Detroit in 1980 when Ford offered to share the Oval Office with Reagan.

If Senator Dole appears at the moment to be wresting the role of Fordist leader away from Mr. Baker, the present leader of the other wing is Representative Jack Kemp. He is an "inclusive" Republican, reaching out to blue-collar voters with his aggressive supply-side approach to economic growth and his inner-city "enterprise zones." It is significant that Kemp wins by landslide majorities among a normally Democratic constituency around Buffalo, New York. Kemp's support is reaching critical mass among conservative activists.

The question now, of course, is where the Vice President fits into the Republican political equation, especially after five low-profile years in the Reagan White House. At Detroit in 1980, Reagan put Bush on the ticket instead of Kemp, for whom there was a significant boom among the delegates. The choice of Bush was a gesture of friendship to the Ford wing of the party, which had been humiliated. On the other hand, Bush has excellent relations with Jerry Falwell, who even preached a sermon in Kennebunkport recently upon his return from South Africa, Kennebunkport being where Bush's vacation home is.

The odds are mounting that it will be either Kemp or Bush. Kemp needs to build on his activist support and persuade the rank and file. Bush needs to run on more than his résumé and his loyalty to Reagan. The Vice President would do himself a big political favor if he came out strongly for, say, lower taxes and economic growth—plus Star Wars.

Beyond the Tiedge Affair

THE DEFECTION to East Germany of Bonn's top official for counterespionage, Hans Joachim Tiedge, along with several secretaries working for high government officials, reveals something of the unique vulnerabilities of the Federal Republic in the realm of intelligence. West Germany's foreign policy, defense policy, and intelligence efforts all suffer from a peculiar, if understandable, schizophrenia brought about by trying to view the East Germans both as adversaries and as fellow countrymen. East Germans who emigrate or defect to the West are granted immediate citizenship, regardless of their background and without security checks. A commonality of language and nationality between the two countries juxtaposed to the contrast between East Germany as the ultimate closed society and West Germany as a highly open society makes the latter's vulnerability to espionage all too apparent. While the Kohl government appears likely to weather the current scandal without fatal injury, West Germans recall that an earlier spy scandal brought down the Brandt government in 1974. They are also acutely embarrassed that the Federal Republic's inherent vulnerability to espionage should be revealed so starkly to their partners in the North Atlantic Alliance.

Beyond its immediate implications for West Germany's intelligence services, however, the Tiedge affair illuminates a vastly greater issue: the Federal Republic's place in Europe and its relationship with the Slavic world to the East. For several years now, West German society, culture, and politics have been drifting slowly, yet perceptibly, eastward. Anti-American sentiment has been on the rise, while the centuries-old tendency toward Slavophilia on the part of the German people has been surfacing once again.

Otto von Bismarck spoke in the nineteenth century of a "*Drang nach Osten*"—a pull to the East—as a critical factor in German politics. The Federal Republic is today the largest Western trading partner of *every* country in the Warsaw Pact, a trade pattern reminiscent of centuries during which the dominance of German merchants in Eastern Europe turned German into the common language of trade between those Eastern countries. West Germany also translates and publishes more books from Eastern European languages than any other country in the world.

The political leadership of West Germany—at least within the ruling Christian Democratic Union—remains committed to NATO, recognizes that reunification with East Germany is a very long-term goal, and knows that any move toward neutralism would be folly. But even on the Right, you will often hear it said that "the Russians are Europeans like the rest of us, and in some respects we have more in common with them than with the Americans."

The Soviet leadership has long been aware of West Germany's attraction to the East, and it has courted Bonn assiduously. Its propaganda and tactical maneuvering in preparation for the November summit between Gorbachev and Reagan have been aimed primarily at one audience: West Germany. The Soviets doubtless are seeking to fuel anti-American sentiments among large segments of the West German public, hastening the day when some future government in Bonn will feel bold enough to strike a separate deal with Moscow. While the present attempt,

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like dozens that have preceded it, is certain to fail, the Kremlin knows it is in a long-term game. That is why the German Question, as in 1945, remains today the fragile centerpiece of East-West relations and the Achilles heel of the North Atlantic Alliance.

New-Wave Protectionism

FROM *Fortune* and the *New York Times* comes word that trained academic divers working around the clock have managed to salvage a few intellectually respectable arguments for protectionism, which is an endeavor nearly as challenging as raising the sunken hulk of the *Titanic* from the muck. But just as it would be premature to buy tickets for a cruise on a refurbished *Titanic*, so the "new-wave" arguments are unlikely to provide intellectual flotation for protection-minded lawmakers.

The more plausible arguments for government interference in trade are even older than the famous luxury liner, even if not necessarily any better-fated. "There have always been several exceptional situations in which a trade restriction or a subsidy might be to a country's advantage," according to I. M. Destler of the Institute for International Economics. "But they tend to be pretty hard to apply in practice." One of the creditable things about the new-wave trade theorists is that they readily admit this. Barbara Spencer of the University of British Columbia, for instance, says some protection of high-tech industry might work, but "only if you're the only government doing it." When all do it, all lose.

The most prominent argument for protection is national defense. Adam Smith argued that England's trade sanctions against Holland, its maritime rival, were a good idea even though they made England poorer, because "defense . . . is of much more importance than opulence." But although it may be worth some sacrifice to hinder this country's enemies, today's trade barriers mostly force consumers to sacrifice in order to hinder our allies.

Even when there is a plausible strategic interest at stake, as in the case of the merchant marine, subsidies may be a better way than tariffs to secure militarily useful capacity. Cargo-preference laws may succeed in getting grain haulers and oil tankers to fly the U.S. flag, but ships of those kinds are not necessarily best at hauling troops and materiel in wartime.

Most new-wave arguments develop one of two themes. The first comes under the heading of monopoly. As the major buyer of certain kinds of foreign goods, the United States might succeed in using its so-called monopsony (sole-buyer) power to wring profits from foreign sellers, much as OPEC used to wring profits from foreign buyers through its monopoly power. In addition, it is argued, we can reap a second kind of monopoly profit: By subsidizing U.S. businesses that export below cost now, we can enable them to sell above cost later, once they have knocked out their competitors. Ironically, both "predatory pricing" strategies of this sort and the formation of buyers' cartels are illegal under U.S. antitrust law when directed at domestic markets; it is only when directed at foreigners that they are considered wholesome and salutary. In any case, even if it were considered good foreign policy to attempt this sort of exploitation of our trading partners, the sad experience of OPEC itself suggests that the monopoly profits would be transitory and the long-term loss of markets catastrophic. What makes Japan such a feared competitor is not that it lowers prices and then jacks them up, but that it lowers them and lowers them and lowers them.

Aside from the predatory-pricing issue, it is often argued that aggressively low pricing is justified for high-tech goods because the resulting sales propel the producer down the "learning curve." This may well be true, but note the hidden assumption that U.S. firms are not capable of pursuing correct pricing strategies of their own accord. Or maybe the idea is that banks are not willing to lend firms the money to tide them over the unprofitable period of predation or learning-curve descent, despite the supposed prospect of sure profits down the road.

This brings us to the second new-wave theme, which is that companies will not identify profitable strategies without government guidance. For instance, it is alleged that firms will shut down inherently viable plants because they cannot see beyond the short-term effects of temporary currency fluctuations. Naturally, the proposed solution is to create an artificial prosperity for these firms so that they will invest as if they could be certain that good times were coming. Unless the government is deliberately concealing its intended future policy on the value of the currency—assuming that it even has such a policy—it is unlikely to do better at this guessing game than investors whose own money is at stake.

Most of the new-wave arguments have been around the mill before and have proved to have little practical value. Economists are virtually unanimous in supporting free trade not because they are addicted to formalist constructs, but because an enormous weight of practical experience confirms the clear dictates of theory.

John T. McCarty, RIP

JOHN T. MCCARTY fought in the war, was decorated and redecorated, and then went back to the University of Michigan to complete his education (in business administration). From there to General Electric, where he was permanently influenced by Lemuel Boulware, the libertarian theorist and business executive who has devoted his (blessedly long) life to ad-

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vertising the benefits—individual, social, and corporate—of freedom, and free enterprise.

John McCarty moved from challenge to challenge, from General Electric to the American Association of Presidents of Independent Colleges, to Rockford College, to Pepperdine College, raising money, and evangelizing his anti-statist gospel. He was Vice President for Corporate Relations of the Adolph Coors Company when, so suddenly, he died at age 63 in the closing days of August. In his eulogy, John Howard, president of Rockford, spoke not of McCarty's secular faith, but of his personal spirit, his enthusiasm, kindness, exuberance. "He did not seek acclaim for his accomplishments; he did not wear his religion on his sleeve. . . . What he was, what he stood for, what he conveyed to those around him will stand as sort of a layman's sermon to guide us, to give us hope." John McCarty was a voluble and generous friend of this journal, whose editors extend their sympathy to his wife and four sons.

Taylor Caldwell, RIP

TAYLOR CALDWELL was really a quite impossible woman and, as is so often the case, rather charmingly impossible. For many years, she wrote to the editor of this journal, and to this colleague or that, to praise this feature, criticize that editorial, ruminate about her background in England, or just talk about the weather in Buffalo, where she lived with "the O.C." The O.C. ("the Original Conservative") was her lawfully wedded (second) husband, a Jewish businessman, whom she dearly loved, and sorely grieved for when he died, which, in one letter, she suggested was a provocative affront by the O.C. . . . Janet (her real Christian name) at one point advised this editor that the Internal Revenue Service was trying to kill her, to which his reply was, Dear Janet: Why would the Internal Revenue Service try to kill you, since your death would mean doubling the national deficit? And anyway, what could be the IRS's motive? To the first point she did not respond (Taylor Caldwell would not in fact deny that she and Agatha Christie and the Bible accounted for about 90 per cent of book sales for more than a generation), but she patiently explained that the IRS's motives had to do with her war against socialism.

That war, alas, led her to one or two gruesome associations, notably with the anti-Semitic Liberty Lobby. She must have concluded, about ten years ago, that NATIONAL REVIEW was in fact a Communist plot, because she stopped writing to us. And that was a pity: We missed her harangues, her piquancies, the inspiration of her quite incredible diligence. She married twice again after the death of the O.C., but communication must have been difficult because she had become stone deaf. On the other hand, she was always talking to her millions and millions of admirers. There are no reports that, last week at 84, the IRS finally got her. It was lung cancer. A Communist plot? Worth pondering. The author of *Dear and Glorious Physician* can ask that question now and get a definitive answer. —WFB

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Memorandum to Wm. Buckley:

I want to be the 453rd reader to suggest that it weakens the credibility of NATIONAL REVIEW to use erudite language incorrectly. See clipping attached. [". . . a major *kudo* for Kemp, who served on Kissinger Commission with Strauss"—"For the Record," Aug. 23.]

As every schoolboy does not know, there is no

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such word as "kudo"—except in Japanese. "Kudos," *singular* (*not* the plural of a non-existent "kudo"), is the Greek word for glory or renown. The writer seems to have meant that. Also, the use of the indefinite article "a" makes it all worse.

J. D. Forbes
San Francisco, Calif.

☐ Dear Bill:

Your July 19 column on our fiscal crisis and the role a constitutional convention might play is right on the mark. Fundamental problems demand that we consider fundamental solutions.

That's why the Senate will take up the balanced-budget amendment this fall. It is the kind of procedural reform that can discipline our spending practices by having the force of the Constitution behind it. With 32 states calling for a constitutional convention on this subject, the pressure on Congress to act is growing.

In campaigning for the balanced-budget amendment, I have found that confusion about what a constitutional convention might mean is one of the main stumbling blocks in getting state legislatures to call for a constitutional convention. Many legislators who support constitutional restraints on deficit spending also are concerned that a convention might get out of control. The work of John Noonan [*NR*, July 26] and other scholars has convinced me that is not a serious risk, and I am doing my best to persuade my friends in state government of that conclusion.

As you may know, the Senate Judiciary Committee has approved legislation to establish regular procedures for any constitutional convention called for by the states. The Senate may consider that bill in September, and I believe its enactment would stem a lot of the opposition to state calls for a constitutional convention. I also expect to visit again with a number of state legislators in Michigan to underscore the importance of the balanced-budget amendment to our efforts to deal with the deficit.

I hope you will keep your eye on this issue—it needs to be brought before the public as often as possible.

Sincerely yours,
Bob [Dole]
Majority Leader
United States Senate

Dear Bob: I shall certainly keep my eye on the problem, and if I blink, please prod me. Cordially, Bill

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

1. By any reasonable definition of "redundant," a word in a given context cannot be *both* a) productive of a desired expressive increment and b) redundant. You demonstrated such valuable increment for your use of *on* in a particular occurrence of *early on*; therefore you had no need to defend it against a charge of redundancy ["Notes & Asides," July 26].

2. The expression *early on* is originally British idiom (first Oxford English Dictionary citation: Dorothy Sayers, 1928) though by now—obviously—we Americans are in the process of making it American idiom.

3. Besides *early on*, your two additional examples of what you call the redundancy of American idiom, *enter into the fray* and *lift it up off the table*, are neither inherently redundant (you've given no context) nor characteristically American (see the unabridged OED). To consider just the first example: *To enter the fray* suggests a man politely walking through a gate or, in another context, signals laconism; *to enter into the fray* conveys a sense of violent movement, intrusion, or even a becoming incorporated with the object. No doubt an undiscriminating user of the language would regard these two expressions as interchangeable. Would you define American idiom, or any nation's idiom, by that exemplar, its least discriminating user? Do you accord the same ontological niche to, let us say, Martha Graham and *Dallas*?

4. Only last week a reviewer in the *Times Literary Supplement* (July 19, B. A. Farrell) took a book to task for the not-otherwise-specified deficiency of being "written in American idiom." Happily, you've cited yourself as an exemplar of American idiom so that I can infer American idiom to be, far from a proper occaions of British self-afflatus, the very flagship of the modern language.

Yours truly,
Robert L. Moore
New York, N.Y.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

O woe and black despair! To think that NATIONAL REVIEW, that bastion of linguistic rectitude, should at last display the rust of vulgarian accommodation on its hitherto shining armor!

The issue: August 23. The page: 16. The line: 3.

"Telling every*one* else how to live up to *their* moral obligations." Emphasis is ours. Possibly you intended this as a jibe at subject of your commentary, but, if so, it was probably lost without such emphasis. Far too many who should manifest a bit more gumption are going along with such barbarisms.

I hope their locution was meant to be intentionally derogatory. If it was not, then rue is the mood of the day.

Blow, wind. Come, wrack! And let each to their own selves be true.

Alas!
Jeff Cooper
The American Pistol Institute
Paulden, Ariz.

Dear Mr. Cooper: I know, I know, but it's hard to avoid. **—WFB**

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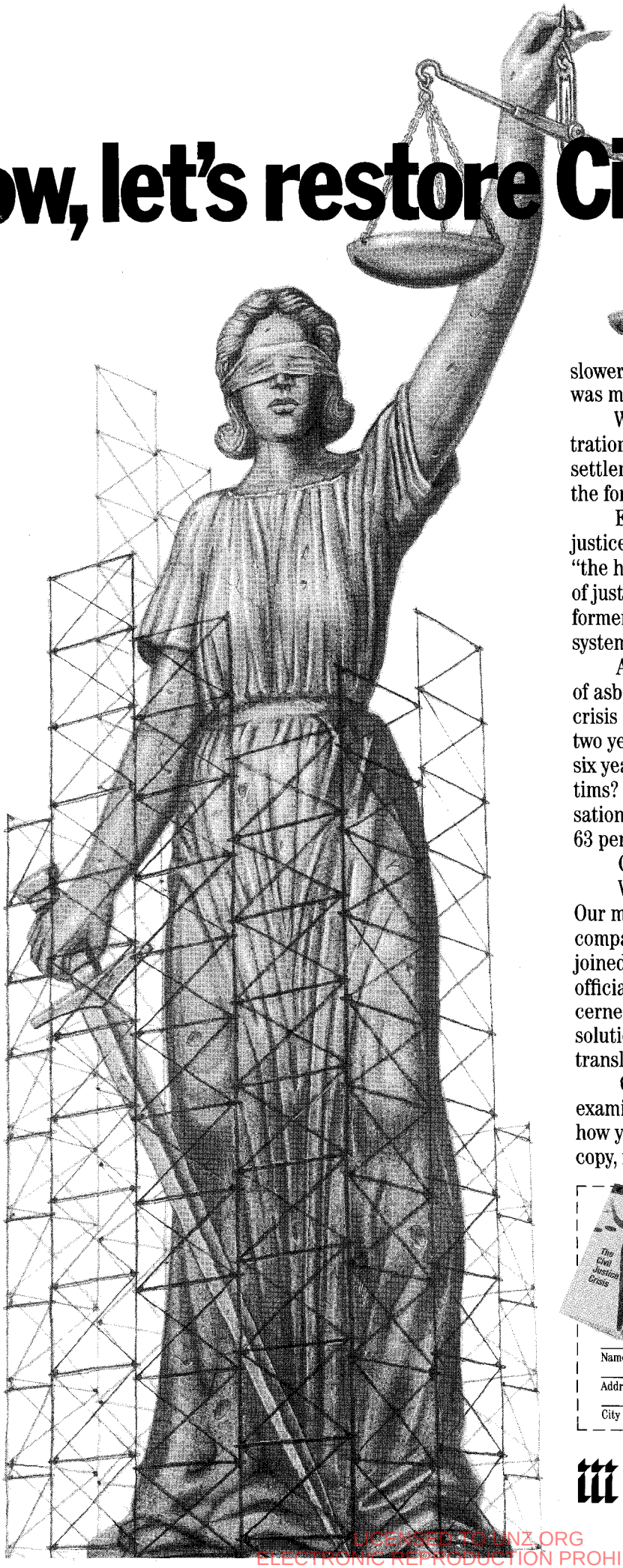
Now, let's restore Civil Justice.



Year after year, our civil justice system has become slower. More costly. Less fair to the very people it was meant to help.

We all pay the price. Some of us pay in the frustration of waiting for a case to end, or by seeing a settlement eaten away by legal costs. All of us pay in the form of higher taxes and insurance premiums.

Experts agree on the urgent need for civil justice repair. Chief Justice Burger has criticized "the high cost of legal services and the slow pace of justice." Derek Bok, president of Harvard and former dean of Harvard Law, has called our legal system "the most expensive in the world."

A 1984 Rand Corporation study of thousands of asbestos-related lawsuits shows how serious the crisis has become. Cases closed took an average two years and eight months, with 11 percent taking six years. How much money went to asbestos victims? Only 37 percent of the expenses and compensation paid by defendants and insurers. The other 63 percent went to pay litigation costs.

Can anything be done? We think it can.

We're the Insurance Information Institute. Our members, property and casualty insurance companies, are vitally involved in this issue. They've joined with others–doctors, lawyers, government officials, business leaders–in coalitions of concerned citizens. Together, they're developing new solutions. In many states, their ideas are being translated into action.

Our latest report, *The Civil Justice Crisis,* examines the reforms now being proposed. It tells how you can get involved. We'd like you to have a copy, free of charge.

7J

Insurance Information Institute
110 William Street
New York, New York 10038

Please send me a free copy of *The Civil Justice Crisis.*

Name

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REAGAN AND THE LAW

Ed Meese loves being attorney general, and the job is transforming him. "The guy is turning out to be a dynamo," says a White House insider, "the most energetic Cabinet officer we've got. I didn't think he had it in him." Meese, you see, loves to enforce the law, especially against drug traffickers. He's been on the drug scene in Miami, New York, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Diego, and the southwest border, making the continent into a county—Alameda County, if you will, where Meese served as prosecutor.

Of a piece with his law-enforcement charter, Meese's role as a point man (along with Education Secretary Bill Bennett) of the Reagan social and civil-rights revolution is likewise in full flower. "I would consider myself in the forefront of the civil-rights movement," announced the attorney general on a late August Brinkley TV show, adding *en passant* that the Supreme Court's 1966 *Miranda* decision was "infamous," and that the Warren Court was guilty between 1960 and 1969 of "wholesalely upsetting cases and inventing new law."

The course and contour of Mr. Meese's judicial agenda are broadly known. What has happened in the past few weeks, however, is that the focus has sharpened, and no fewer than five thrusts of the Justice Department are now in view: *Miranda*, the exclusionary rule, minority hiring, gender classification, and Bill of Rights application.

Before the police can interrogate a suspect held in custody, they must advise the apprehended person of the right to have counsel (his own or court-appointed) present at the interrogation, the right to remain silent, and the knowledge that if he chooses to speak, anything that he says may be used against him at a possible criminal trial (*Miranda*). "So any skilled criminal simply stays quiet, calls in his attorney, and deprives the police of evidence that can be used to prosecute," notes Bruce Elliott Fein of the American Enterprise Institute, whom the *Washington Post* recently described as "part of a budding and influential cadre of conservative activists providing the intellectual underpinning for the Reagan Administration's civil-rights stances." Joe Califano strongly disagrees. "Anybody who's ever been in a police station," Califano told me, "finds the place so intimidating that it simply demands some legal instrument that will protect his rights." Fein says it already exists: If the confession is voluntary (uncoerced), it's admissible; involuntary, inadmissible.

The exclusionary rule is similar: Evidence obtained without a warrant (where a warrant is required) is excluded from use in a criminal trial, "depriving the police of reliable and often necessary evidence," notes Fein. Califano thinks differently: "The Court is the place where you go to protect the individual. Any individual who's had the force of government laid on him knows that you have to give that individual tremendous protection—that is, if you want to have a free society."

In civil rights, the most contentious issue of late deals with minority hiring. Under existing executive order (LBJ's, signed in 1965), any government contractor must establish goals and timetables for increasing the number of minority hirees until the rate at which minorities are hired is at least 80 per cent of the rate for whites. "To avoid being hassled by the government, contractors automatically give preference to blacks over whites until they get above the 80 per cent mark," says a Reaganite official. "Then they don't have to fill out all those papers and worry about all these lawsuits. Of course, in the process a white person gets discriminated against."

The Meese Justice Department wants to preserve affirmative action but get rid of all quotas or anything that smells like quotas. "Recruitment is the answer," says Fein. "Search everywhere for those who have the talent to fill the job." But the opposition says recruitment is not enough. "You've got to have statistical evidence or the process won't have the power to overcome resistance to putting blacks into the system," says a Great Society lawyer/lobbyist.

States' rights is a major concern of Reaganites, and it can be studied through the issue of gender classification. In Mississippi, as a case in point, only females could attend a state nursing school until the Supreme Court held that to be unconstitutional. Conservatives of the judicial-restraint stripe believe that Mississippi should be entitled to have an all-female state nursing school if it so wishes. The larger issue here is whether the powers of the states ought to be broadened by shrinking the application (or "incorporation") of the Bill of Rights. "Generally speaking," observes Fein, "the Bill of Rights was not intended to be applied or incorporated to the states through the Fourteenth Amendment. The High Court's 'Doctrine of Incorporation' is its own invention."

Reagan's social/juridical revolution, with its wide cultural wake, faces rough waters ahead, obviously. But this particular break with the past is more intellectually interesting than either the Reagan fiscal revolution (supply-side economics, tax cutting and overhaul, shrinking of government regulation), or the foreign-policy shift (reintegration of force into diplomacy, as in Grenada), or the national-security thrust (military rearmament). If this social revolution takes hold, especially through a High Court heavy with Reagan appointees, then it will turn out to be the most enduring legacy of the President, and the most reformist one. □

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RELATIVELY SPEAKING

I HAVE A confession to make: Only once in my life have I taken part in a demo. I mean, actually marched in the streets to protest against something. This unique event took place in December 1976, when a few dozen of us demonstrated in London to show our disgust at the fact that 149 Soviet citizens were being held in prisons, labor camps, or psychiatric wards, in defiance of the Soviet Union's own constitution and of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, for wishing to practice their religion.

The fact that this demonstration took place, however, *is not the point* of the story. The point is that it went completely unreported in the British press, radio, and television; whereas an anti-American demo, no larger and held at almost the same time, was widely and gleefully covered.

The further point, I think, is that these facts tell us quite a lot about the relativity of indignation and about the decisive importance of a subversive apparatus. They (therefore) tell us a good deal about the liberal conscience and apartheid.

By all the best accounts, some 300,000 black citizens of Uganda were massacred during the regime of Milton Obote, recently overthrown for the second time. (The man who overthrew him the first time, Idi Amin, was not exactly known for his merciful respect for human rights.) I looked in vain for reports of protest marches in London or Washington.

However, let black youths burn slightly older blacks alive in South Africa and the marchers are out in force in all the Western capitals, and Western legislators fall over each other in their haste to impose sanctions against the white South Africans who rule over the murdered and the murderers.

In France, the Mitterrand government recalls its ambassador from Pretoria and bans *future* French investment in South Africa; thereby breaking all records for smugness and hypocrisy, since a) everybody knows that Mitterrand (the most unpopular president of the Fifth Republic) plans to give the vote to nearly two million North Africans living in France and believes an anti-South African gesture will channel those votes his way, b) the president knows perfectly well that should those Algerians, Moroccans, and Tunisians start burning each other alive, he would not hesitate to emulate P. W. Botha by proclaiming a state of emergency, and c) the ban on future investments hurts nobody, but nobody, in France.

The London *Times* recently carried a remarkable article, previously published in the *Wall Street Journal*, by a Ghanaian academic, George Ayittey, who teaches economics at Bloomsburg University in Pennsylvania. Professor Ayittey castigated the UN and the demonstrators in the West for ignoring the massacres, hardships including famine, and arbitrary sufferings inflicted upon black populations by black despotisms brought to power by one-man/one-vote elections followed by military coups.

The prominent South African human-rights activist Helen Suzman has been declaring her opposition to sanctions on the ground that they will hurt the black population of her country without helping the struggle against apartheid. Even Bishop Tutu has taken the same line.

Yet the sanctions-minded members of the U.S. Congress, curiously selective in their reading, know best, as do the sanctions-minded senior officers of the State Department.

What, you may ask, legitimately, does your columnist think about apartheid? Well, for a start, let's get our definitions straight. If apartheid means pass laws, a ban on mixed marriages and sexual relations, a ban on black unions and on black ownership of property, then I am totally against it, and even prepared to use the fashionable code word, "abhorrent," about such practices.

Now as it happens, nearly all those practices have been, or are being, discontinued by Botha's reforming government. Very soon, at this rate, "petty" apartheid, meaning humiliating restrictions on grounds of birth and race, will be a thing of the past.

If, however, apartheid means separate development, I fail to see a moral issue to get indignant about. After all, many of the protestors against the "black homelands" would, paradoxically, be in favor of separate homelands for Basques in Spain and France, or of making Northern Irish Protestants a minority in a united Ireland.

Ah, you might say, but Venda and Bophuthatswana are not truly independent, nor are Ciskei or Transkei. True. But then, neither is Czechoslovakia or Hungary, or the former would not have been occupied by the Soviet Union in 1968, or the latter in 1956, with much shedding of blood. The truth is that the "homelands" are autonomous. That is already something.

FOR THE relativity of indignation about South Africa, one must look elsewhere for explanations: to the smugness of those who had similar problems and solved them only yesterday, historically speaking; to ignorance; and above all to the amazing power of relentless propaganda.

The voices telling us to be indignant about Soviet dissidents or persecuted Baptists, or about oppressed Czechs and Slovaks, though they exist, are relatively muted. The voices telling us to protest against apartheid are loud and constant. The enormous machine of the Soviet secret services, of the international Communist parties, and especially of the international fronts is permanently mobilized. The din is terrible. It is almost impossible to ignore it. That is the difference. □

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THE AWFUL LOGIC OF GENOCIDE

JEAN-FRANÇOIS REVEL

THE OCCUPATION of Afghanistan by the Red Army, which has been going on for almost six years now, continues to provoke in the Western democracies a reaction that Montaigne calls "voluntary ignorance." This deliberate neglect of the facts is a wonderful prophylactic against the temptation to act. In this sense, Afghanistan is a reflection of our cowardice. It offers an instructive look at the way the democracies justify, or conceal, their failures in the face of totalitarian expansionism.

Information on Afghanistan is scarce, to be sure, because of Soviet censorship. The Communist powers enjoy an unwritten but tacitly accepted privilege, a privilege practically legalized by international consent, to shape and to ration information that concerns them. By closing Afghan territory to TV teams and non-Communist reporters, by imprisoning journalists and even doctors who have entered the country clandestinely, the Soviets have kept the Afghan horror story from being told by the mass media. Thus they have prevented the vast wave of worldwide opprobrium that would engulf a democracy guilty of far lesser crimes but accessible to news coverage by nature of its politics and principles.

But the blindness of certain Western elites does not result in the main from the practical difficulties of finding out what is going on. The practical difficulties can keep the story from the television screens, but there are nevertheless enough stories in the Western press—if they were taken seriously. There is sufficient information available for anyone who wants to think seriously about the situation of the Afghan people. If the free world discards this information or relegates it to the margins of its awareness, that is because it fears it will have to start questioning certain soothing interpretations of Soviet behavior and be forced to face the gravity of the crimes committed against

The photo above is of an Afghan father and the only other member of his family to survive a Soviet massacre. He carried her for three weeks over the mountains, hungry, exhausted, under attack by Soviet aircraft. The photo was taken by Dr. Juliette Fournot of *Médecins sans Frontières* when they were still two days from safety in Pakistan.

Courtesy Afghanistan Relief Committee

Mr. Revel was until recently editor and director of L'Express. *His latest book is* How Democracies Perish.

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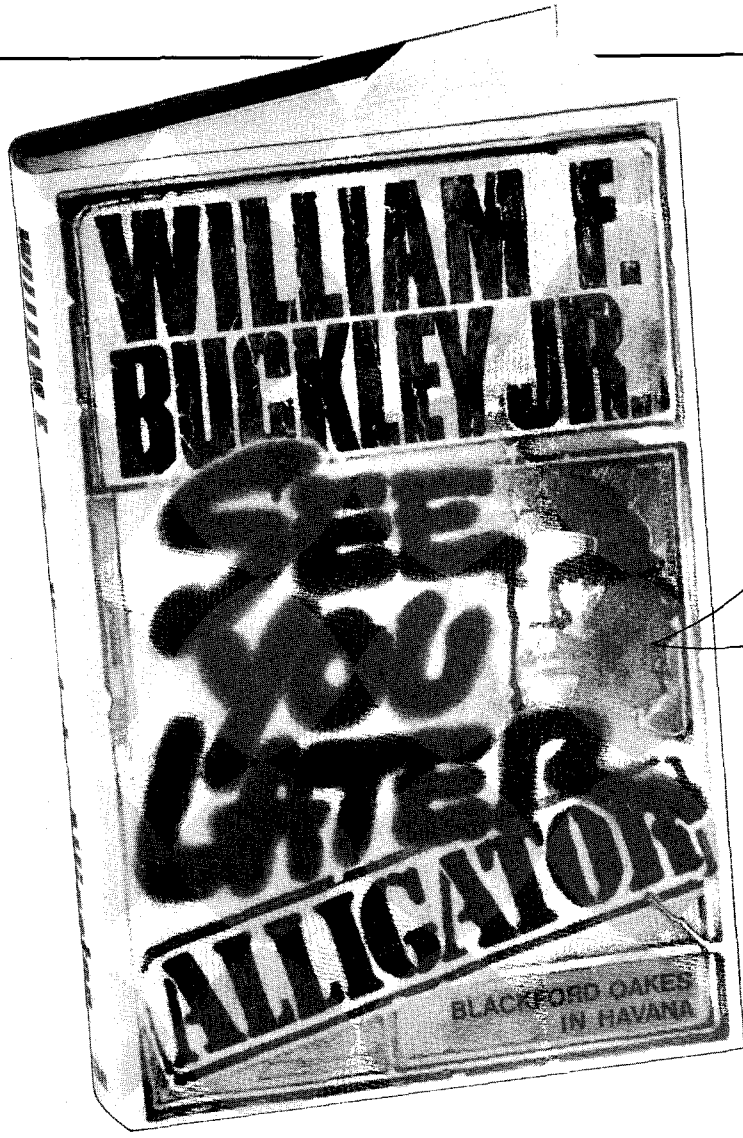

"You may call me Che."

Comandante Guevara was slighter than Blackford had imagined, weighing perhaps 160 pounds, five feet nine or ten inches tall. He wore his traditional beret and army fatigues. His regular facial posture was that of a half smile.

"We have a lot to discuss, Mr. Caimán."

This was Blackford Oakes's introduction to Che Guevara and the beginning of a fast-moving game of wits that meant death for the loser. Oakes, under the code name Caimán (Spanish for alligator), finds himself in the tightest spot of his entire career—trying to defuse the Cuban Missile Crisis while in a race to save the life of his beautiful Cuban interpreter, Catalina.

Does he pull it off? You know part of the answer already, but the part you don't know is what makes *See You Later Alligator* so utterly fascinating. This is such a brilliantly plotted book that you'll keep on being surprised right up to the last page. It's filled with romance and intrigue in the grand old style of Eric Ambler and Graham Greene, a classic thriller you won't want to come to an end, even while you can't wait to get to the end. And the end, when it does come, has a chilling twist that only Bill Buckley would think of.

See You Later Alligator is the latest in Buckley's spy-thriller series, which, as enthusiastic reviewers agree, gets better with every new adventure. But the *best* news is that, right now (*for a limited time only*), we offer this big new hardcover book (a stiff $16.95 retail value) as a FREE bonus with your subscription to *National Review*.

Just use the convenient card opposite this page to enter your subscription to NR for a full year (25 exciting issues) at the regular $34 rate, and we'll send *See You Later Alligator* to you without delay, FREE and postpaid (another sizable saving). If you're already a subscriber, we'll simply extend your present subscription (no matter when it expires) for 25 more issues at the same $34 rate and this best-selling book is yours FREE! Do it now.

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the Afghan people. We can thus, we Western democracies, by looking the other way, withdraw from our moral responsibility and close our bored minds to the continuation of the Soviets' foreign policy. We will spare ourselves from seeing it in order to excuse ourselves from having to oppose it.

The first reason for our resistance to listening to news about Afghanistan (the only form of resistance the West has shown as yet in the Afghan affair) has to do with our desire to interpret the invasion of Afghanistan as an *accident* of Soviet foreign policy. Reread what all our oracles have written about it in the last six years: It was a mistake . . . a marginal act . . . unrepresentative of the fundamental thinking of the Soviet leaders. The Soviets acted without premeditation; they were "caught up in a situation"; they fell "into a trap." The Western powers should, consequently, help them to get out of it, "to save face." How? By not bullying them, by not reawakening their well-known "sense of insecurity."

This analysis, made by most of the statesmen in power in the West during the invasion of 1979, remains the attitude of a great number of commentators today. It entails certain practical prescriptions: We must abstain from arming the Afghan resistance, for fear of provoking the Soviets. Only the fear of foreign intervention, they tell us, will delay the spontaneous departure of the Red Army. In view of the insignificance of our military aid to the Afghan resistance, one wonders how much further this would have to be reduced to "reassure" the Soviets, and how long it will take for their supposed desire to evacuate the country to be demonstrated. And, once gone, will they permit the local Communist regime to be swept out of Kabul, as without doubt it would be after the withdrawal of the Soviet military presence?

Such resignation is both unlikely and illogical given that the 1979 invasion took place precisely because the pro-Soviet Communist regime in Afghanistan could not, given the hostility of the people, remain in power without Soviet help. To imagine that the Soviet army will evacuate Afghanistan without having first gained acceptance for Communism there is to believe that the USSR would withdraw its "advisors" from all countries where it believes the local Communist government lacks local support—a totally unsupported belief. Up until now, quite the opposite has been the rule: The USSR keeps larger troop contingents in place in countries where the pro-Soviet regime is most fragile, most menaced. Which is, to be sure, perfectly rational.

The explanation that the Soviet seizure of Afghanistan is a result of unhappy chance is rooted in a more general theory. According to many politicians and students of politics, the Soviet Union does not nourish long-term foreign-policy objectives, at least not aggressive objectives. Nothing more greatly rouses the fury of certain politicians and international experts, whether journalists or academicians, than references to a global design on the part of the USSR. They admit, to be sure, that the USSR has an overall vision, but they believe it to be strictly defensive.

'AN ENTIRE COUNTRY IS DYING . . .'

In September 1984 a team from the U.S. Helsinki Watch Committee went to the Afghan border to collect information about human-rights violations in Afghanistan by interviewing Afghan refugees. The team interviewed more than a hundred Afghans representing a cross-section of Afghan society. From the interviews, they reported, "it soon became clear that just about every conceivable human-rights violation is occurring in Afghanistan, and on an enormous scale." The team went on to say: "Just about every Afghan has a story to tell. Our interpreters, our guides, people we met accidentally had personally experienced atrocities as great as those of the 'victims' we interviewed. An Afghan doctor who had impressed us with his gentle kindness as he interpreted for us in a hospital for war victims had a sudden outburst as we were leaving. 'What's the point of all this? People should know by now. There are no human rights in Afghanistan. They burn people easier than wood.' "

The following are excerpts from the Helsinki Watch interviews, and from the team's report:

We interviewed a 21-year-old student who had been released from Poli Charki prison in Kabul just two weeks before. His eyes were bloodshot, his body tense, as he nervously fingered his "worry beads," telling us that if we mention his name in print his father and brothers in Kabul "will be finished." After his arrest for distributing "night letters" protesting the Soviet invasion, he was subjected to routine torture—hung by a belt until he almost strangled, beaten until his face was twice its normal size, his hands crushed under the leg of a chair. He described an overcrowded prison cell with no windows, crawling with lice, and with only one pot for a toilet. . . .

Mohammad Eshaq, a resistance leader from Afghanistan's Panjsher Valley, told us about the fate of two men from his ancestral village of Mata—brothers, aged ninety and 95. Old and blind, they stayed behind when the rest of the villagers fled during last spring's offensive: "The Russians came, tied dynamite to their backs and blew them up." He paused to collect himself, then added simply: "They were very respected people." . . .

The parents of another patient [in a clinic in Kunar province], a 12-year-old boy whose right arm was so badly burned he could hardly move it, explained to Dr. Simon how the burn had occurred: "They told me that Russian soldiers came to their village and held their son's arm over a fire while they asked about the Mujahedin." . . .

Mike Hoover, a CBS television producer whom we met in Peshawar, told us he had filmed an interview with an Afghan who had formerly worked as a translator for the Soviet army: "He was extremely disturbed. He told how he translated questions the Russians were asking about the Mujahedin while

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The notion that the Soviet Union has an expansionist design, an imperialistic outlook both ideological and strategic, a program patiently pursued, long planned, unfailingly prepared for setbacks, could only emanate—in their view—from an *idée fixe* dating from the cold war. Never mind the classic writings on the subject and the best-attested historical facts. The Soviet Union, they say, does not have, cannot have, a coherent imperialistic plan.

Unhappily, there are few cases where even a summary knowledge of history so completely pulverizes that theory as Afghanistan. From the start of the Revolution in 1917, the new Soviet power moved to eliminate British influence from Central Asia. A Soviet-Afghan treaty of friendship was signed on September 13, 1920, a prelude to a long series of treaties destined to tighten the Soviets' ties with Kabul. The Soviets took up again the geopolitical objective of czarist Russia; but—and this is a major innovation—they added to it their panoply of ideological weapons. In November 1918, in a proclamation entitled "Do Not Forget the Orient," Stalin spoke of the need to "inspire the workers and peasants of these countries with the liberating spirit of the revolution." In characteristic fashion, this liberation ideology was evidently not to be practiced within the USSR itself: The Bolsheviks, who had never stopped denouncing the annexation of Moslem territories by the Czar, refused, once in power, to give these same regions their independence, instead putting down by force the insurrections that followed.

After the Second World War, the Soviet Union capitalized on the void left by Britain's retreat from India, the end of British influence, and above all the new situation that resulted from the creation of Pakistan to tie Kabul's foreign policy to her own. Indeed, why not? There was nothing scandalous in what the USSR was doing. But the democracies should at least have understood what was going on. Alas, the United States understood nothing of what the Soviet Union was up to in Central Asia. In December 1954, John Foster Dulles refused military aid to Afghanistan and threw that country into Moscow's arms.

Sardar Mohammed Daud, prime minister from 1953 to 1963 and president from 1973 to 1978, permitted the Soviet Union to take over the task of equipping and training

This and all subsequent photos by Charles Bork

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they held a child over a fire." . . .

Summary executions were described by Mohammed Amin Salim, a former professor of Islamic law who had returned to his village in Shomali: "When the Russians come into villages or places where there are unarmed people, they kill them with bayonets, even women and children. There are so many examples, and they are so atrocious, that it is difficult to speak of them. For example, last year I was in a village when the Soviets came to search the houses. In this village there were seven elders, including me. When the Russians came into the village, they locked up all these elders. I was separated from the others. I was in another house, and I saw what happened. They asked the old men, 'Where are your sons?' The old men said they had no sons. Immediately, when they heard this, they fired on two of the men, killing them with automatic rifle blasts. The third person —it was a very sad event—they put him against a tree and with a big nail [apparently a detached bayonet] a soldier stabbed him in the chest and nailed him to the tree. What I am telling you is what I saw myself. The other Russian had a big nail in his hand, and he stabbed another old man in the mouth, unhinging his jaw." . . .

[A French doctor tells how the Russians punished an entire village after some Afghan troops defected.] "They tied them up and piled them like wood. Then they poured gasoline over them and burned them alive. They were old and young, men, women, and children. Many, many people were telling this story. They all said forty people had been killed." . . .

Former Soviet Army Sergeant Igor Rykov testified: "We did not take any prisoners of war. None. Generally we killed them on the spot. As soon as we caught them, the officers ordered us to slaughter them. I'll tell you one story. Lieutenant Gevorkian was the commander of my unit. When I arrived, he had already been in Afghanistan for a year. He told us that he had seen a lot, and that now he had become like ice, he had learned to kill absolutely anyone, and he had to teach the same to the soldiers. One day he brought in a boy, an Afghan kid about 14 years old. He told us that the boy was certainly a *dushman* [enemy]; he had tried to run away when he saw the soldiers. There was one soldier in our unit, Oleg Sotnik, who could not stand the sight of blood. Then Gevorkian took out a sort of bayonet . . . He gave this knife to Sotnik and told him to kill the boy. Sotnik's face was unbelievable. He was planted to the ground, shaking all over his body. The boy was sitting peacefully on the ground. Finally Sotnik got control of himself, went up to the boy, and stuck the knife in his chest. The boy started to shriek, and he grabbed onto Sotnik's hands. Then Gevorkian started yelling, 'You idiot! What do you think you're doing? Watch how it should be done!' He pulled out the knife, kicked the boy in the face, and when the boy fell backward from the kick, he stuck the knife in his throat, once, twice. We were all around watching, but no one said anything. . . ."

[A member of the resistance testifies to his treatment by Soviet torturers.] "The torture there was always by electricity, with electric-shock batons.

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the Afghan army. In 1955, Khrushchev and Bulganin, despite their concerns in Europe and at home that year, made one of their first foreign trips to Kabul and accorded Afghanistan a grant of $100 million, the biggest grant given by Moscow to any country beyond the Iron Curtain. Such a démarche is incompatible with the thesis that Moscow never had any long-term plans for Afghanistan.*

After the coup of July 16, 1973, which brought Daud back to power, the internal Soviet conquest of Kabul was accelerated. While he himself was not a Communist, Daud thought himself strong and wily enough to risk putting Communists in key posts. He did not understand the weakness of his position, given an army in which thousands of officers and men had been trained by the Soviet Union for twenty years. When, on April 27, 1978, the army assassinated Daud and installed a Communist regime in his place, it was picking ripe fruit from a tree planted long before.

Here too the Western experts and commentators who date the Sovietization of Afghanistan from the invasion of December 27, 1979, prove, at best, that they are professionally incompetent. The protectorate had been in the works for decades. The satellization of Afghanistan, in the classical form of "a friendly government" installed in 1978, was the real turning point. Soviet garrisons took up their positions at various locations in Afghanistan starting early in 1979. Was this the result of "a chain of unfortunate accidents"? Was there no plan behind this?

In August 1979, the Afghan garrison in Kabul realized that the unpopularity of Communist President Nur Mohammed Taraki was starting to provoke rebellion in the country and that it would be prudent to replace him with someone less openly under the orders of Moscow. This garrison was then massacred by Soviet troops, including air units already stationed in the area. How could Western governments not have known about it? After having first killed Taraki, then his successor, Hafizullah Amin, and installed in their place a "faithful friend," Babrak Karmal, the Soviets knew that no Communist leader in Kabul could stay in power without strong Soviet support. The invasion and the occupation were anything but an "accident" since they constituted the natural consequences of a systematic course of action.

The second reason the West resists information about Afghanistan is the Soviet violations of human rights in that country. These violations are so widespread that our governments are scared even to raise the question, knowing very well that Moscow will, in its usual humiliating manner, refuse even to discuss it. That is why the press and other media greeted so tepidly the February 19, 1985, United Nations report on the condition of human rights in Afghanistan by Felix Ermacora, Special Rapporteur—a report whose very existence is practically miraculous and which deserves a salute on that ground alone, but which was quickly relegated to obscurity. What does it teach us?

The repression takes two forms: the torture and execution of opponents and resistance fighters, and the massacre and deportations of the civilian population. In "*Le Grand Jeu Afghan*" (*Politique Internationale*, Spring 1985) Michael Barry reports that between April 27, 1978 (the date of the pro-Soviet coup d'état), and January 1980, 27,000 people were executed in the Poli Charki concentration camp, situated six miles east of Kabul. "This is not an estimate," writes Barry. "This is the simple addition of the names of the victims posted by the regime in public places to discourage the families from crowding around the gates of the prisons with packages of clothing and food." A major portion of the educated elite, the author adds, perished in this carnage: diplomats, doctors, professors, engineers,

*For the inadequacy of American diplomacy at that time, and its consequences in this part of the world, see "The Failure of American Diplomacy in Afghanistan," by Léon Poullada, *World Affairs*, 1982-83, Vol. 143, No. 3, *Special Issue on Afghanistan*.

One day during the interrogation, one of the Soviets got angry and hit me with his Kalashnikov in the mouth, and I lost three teeth. I was tortured two to four hours a day, every day, for about a year. There were different people torturing me. There were Afghans who spoke Pashta and there were Soviet officers. The Soviets tortured more, and they asked more questions. They did not let you sleep.

"They gave the shocks between the toes, between the fingers, on the temple. I often fell unconscious. One day they hung me up on a wall, where there were big hooks. They didn't let me sleep, eat, or drink for 48 hours. My arms were stretched out wide, and the hands were tied to the hooks, and there were rings around my feet. This caused a great pain in the stomach and kidneys. The next morning they took me down and brought me a piece of bread and some water. Then they hung me upside down by the feet all day." . . .

We received reports about a variety of anti-personnel mines used in Afghanistan by Soviet forces. Often they are used, not for conventional military purposes, but against the civilian population. Some of these mines are powerful enough to kill, but most have charges that only maim. . . .

[Soviet] helicopters drop camouflaged "butterfly" mines around populated areas, on roads, and in grazing areas. During a sweep through villages, soldiers leave anti-personnel mines in . . . houses of people who have fled. We even heard of mines left in mosques, of booby-trapped bodies that exploded when relatives attempted to move them, and of trip wires placed in fruit trees that injure the harvester. . . .

Kefayatullah, a farmer from Harioki Ulya, Kapisa Province, was describing the actions of the Soviet troops that invaded his village. "They put toy bombs in the food bins," he volunteered. "Some of them exploded. They were like toys, watches, pens." . . .

In Quetta on October 3, a group of Hazara refugees volunteered, without being asked, that they had seen such mines. Abdul Wahid, an English-speaking former student from Jalrez, told us: "They put some pens and watches on the road, children take them, and they explode."

Mohammed Zaher added, "I once saw them. There were pens, small radios, and watches on the road, and General Mohammed Hasan [of the Hazara resistance forces] told the Mujahedin not to touch them, but to throw stones and explode them." What kind of pens were they? "They were just like American Parker pens," he answered. □

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non-Communist officials, spiritual leaders. While estimating the number of those shot at "only" 12,000, the UN report corroborates the basic story.

> In this context, according to the information received, a number of political prisoners were also tortured. One of the complaints relates to Mr. Sayed Abdullah Kazim, a former dean of the Faculty of Economics, imprisoned at Poli Charki at the same times as Mr. Ludin. In this connection, Mr. Ludin, himself arrested in June 1978 and detained until 11 January 1980 in the Poli Charki prison, reveals that he himself was present during the torturing of Mr. Kazim, who had the fingers of both hands crushed under the legs of a chair on which two of his torturers sat. Having himself been tortured, the witness drew the attention of the Special Rapporteur particularly to events which had taken place on the nights of 31 May to 1 June 1979 in the Poli Charki prison. Shots fired in the prison courtyard had been heard by the witness, who was told by the prison guards that about 118 prisoners were being executed. The shooting was followed by the departure of buses carrying the bodies, some of them still showing signs of life. The testimony of a former female detainee of Poli Charki likewise revealed that during her detention between May and November 1978, she had several times heard shooting in the prison courtyard along with the departure of the corpses of prisoners in buses. The same witness spoke of the existence of a section of the prison reserved exclusively for women, and the Special Rapporteur had the occasion to interview a woman who had been incarcerated in that prison.

However, one must add to the official figures the number of those shot unofficially. Amnesty International estimates that 4,854 prisoners have been liquidated more or less clandestinely. And the United Nations report says that approximately nine thousand individuals "disappeared" in Kabul before the coup of December 27, 1979, much as happened in Argentina during the military dictatorship, but without touching off the same indignation in the free world.

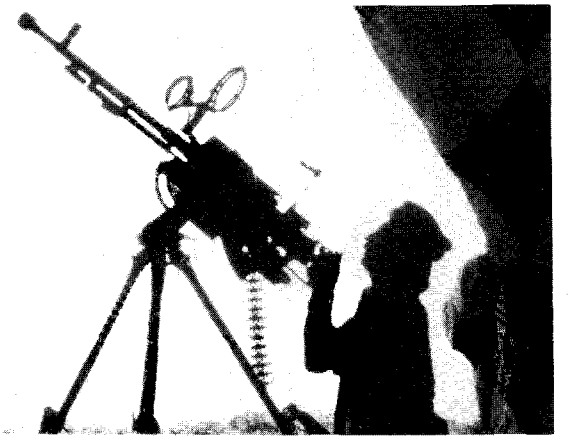
As to the massacres of the civilian population, I cite several examples, all drawn from the UN report.

> In addition, *numerous cases of assassination of women and children* were brought to the notice of the Special Rapporteur. They were described as having taken place frequently in villages, as reprisals following skirmishes between the troops and elements of the opposition movement.

> Eyewitnesses told the Special Rapporteur of alleged *massacres of civilians during the bombardment of villages.* According to these witnesses, such acts were part of a deliberate policy, especially over the last two years, *to force the people to take flight.* In this connection, one witness declared that the country's *economy had been completely destroyed by the systematic bombing of rural areas* housing about 85 per cent of the population, and in fact occupied by the resistance and regarded as liberated zones.

> On 13 September 1982, approximately 105 persons were killed in the village of Padkhwab-e-Shana in the province of Logar, including 61 victims from the village itself. In the course of an infantry operation in the village, the population, consisting of children, old people, and a few combatants, took fright and hid in an underground channel used for irrigation (Karez). To dislodge them, troops poured a whitish liquid mixed with white powder into three outlets of the channels and set fire to it. Charred and decomposed bodies were brought out by the villagers. The corpses were said to include 12 children.

> On 12 October 1983, in the villages of Kulchabat, Bala Karz, and Mushkizi in the province of Kandahar, 360 persons were executed in the village square, including twenty girls and about twenty old people.



> In March 1984, several hundred civilians were massacred in the villages of Dash-e-Bolokhan and Dash-e-Asukhan in the Kohistan region.

> In November 1984, some forty civilians were massacred in the village of Zirvq situated in the Urgun region after two weeks of steady bombardment. According to the witnesses, several houses were destroyed and the cattle decimated.

Furthermore, the use of poison gas and booby-trapped toys has largely been proved, according to the report.

The devastation of the countryside and the villages, and the deportations of the people (in late 1980, the Soviets emptied Pamir of its entire population), have brought the expected and desired result: famine. This famine is a chronic fact of life for about half a million civilians (close in proportion to the Ethiopian famine). According to the group of doctors known as *Médecins sans frontières*, infant mortality caused by malnutrition reached a stupefying 85 per cent in the winter of 1984-85.

Another result was the exodus. More than four and a half million Afghans (a figure we're fairly certain about) have fled their country since 1978, mostly to Pakistan. Given that the official figure of displaced persons worldwide, according to the UN High Commissioner for Refugees, is approximately ten million, that means that *nearly one out of every two refugees on this planet today is an Afghan.* If you add to this figure the number of resistance fighters killed, of those executed, of civilians massacred or starved to death (a figure that can prudently be put at a million) this means that of the 13 to 14 million inhabitants of the country in 1978 there remain today on Afghan soil about eight million. Put otherwise, nearly 40 per cent of the population is either in exile, or dead.

If one notes that the repression started 18 months before the invasion of December 27, 1979, and was directed from the start by Soviet advisors already in place, one cannot escape the conclusion, once again, that the USSR was carrying out a well-thought-through program. It is not credible, as the commentators who wish at all costs to exculpate the Soviets claim, that they gave way to momentary panic. The great "liberal" Mikhail Gorbachev seems to have not the slightest intention of modifying the Soviet political plan for Afghanistan. One of his first declarations on the

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subject, in March 1985, was to threaten reprisals against Pakistan if that country continued to "meddle in the internal affairs" of its neighbor, which in Soviet language means if Pakistan continues to shelter Afghan refugees instead of repelling them across the border to be massacred on the other side.

Must one conclude that the Soviet Union is invulnerable and can—as South Africa, or Chile, cannot—violate human rights with impunity, shielded by the discreet complicity of an international opinion that knows it is powerless? Perhaps not. What the discreet people find a bit upsetting are the anti-Communist guerrillas: in Angola, in Nicaragua, and above all in Afghanistan. For the first time, the United States Congress, in July 1985, openly recognized the importance of this phenomenon and voted official aid—$15 million to the Afghan resistance. □

THE NEW HOLOCAUST

ROSANNE T. KLASS

AFGHANISTAN is being turned into a charnel house.

It is not only that the Soviets and their puppets have executed or tortured to death thousands of political prisoners.

It is not only that they attack civilian targets—wedding parties, farmers in their fields, villagers in the bazaars—or that they single out medical facilities for destruction.

It is not only that they pursue, rocket, and strafe the slow, plodding caravans of refugees—women and children, mostly—fleeing to sanctuary in Pakistan and Iran.

It is not only that they burn crops, destroy granaries, and kill flocks and herds to induce famine, or that they smash the irrigation systems and spread poisons on the land to turn it into a permanent desert, in emulation of Genghis Khan.

No, I am referring now to the deliberate Soviet policy of sending Soviet ground forces into the villages of Afghanistan to rape, to loot, to burn, and to murder most horribly, leaving the mutilated dead as a warning and an omen to survivors. The message is clear: submit, get out, or die hideously.

These are not the sporadic actions of uncontrolled troops gone berserk. They are systematic campaigns of butchery, carried out by Soviet—not Afghan army—troops, some of them special units. The massacres occur in all parts of the country, as would be expected in a calculated policy of terrorization.

The policy is not new; it began with the invasion in 1979. Two years ago, in Oslo, an Afghan from the Panjsher Valley told a human-rights panel about returning to his village in 1980 and finding the village elders, including his own father and grandmother, decapitated by Soviet soldiers who had, with grisly cynicism, put the men's heads on the women's bodies, the women's on the men's.

The number, ferocity, and frequency of these atrocities are increasing as the Russians move methodically to crush and empty out the country. They are becoming commonplace. Yet one sees nothing about them in the press, hears noth-

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ing on the air. No American journalists bothered to cover the Oslo hearings, though they were invited and Europeans came. Survivors and eyewitnesses can be found in the Afghan refugee camps in Pakistan, but reporters do not seek them out. Indeed, when their stories are made public, they are usually not reported; and when, occasionally, they are reported, they usually don't get into print. A top editor at a major U.S. news organ told me three years ago: "Torture is not news."

The editors' explanations are always the same: With journalists barred from Afghanistan, the information cannot be verified.

What newspaper, one wonders, declined to publish the news of Lidice in 1942 because it couldn't get a reporter into Nazi-occupied Czechoslovakia? Or who, before reporting the massacre at Oradour-sur-Glane, insisted on smuggling a reporter into occupied France to make sure that the French Résistance was not exaggerating? For that matter, what reporter has yet made an investigative tour of the Gulag camps to make sure they really exist? When did the press begin to assume that what they cannot see for themselves does not exist, no matter how extensive and detailed the eyewitness testimony?

In May, freelance journalist Rob Schultheis went to the Munda refugee camp in Pakistan and interviewed survivors of an atrocity campaign carried out by Russian troops in the Laghman Valley in eastern Afghanistan in late April. In a single district, nearly eight hundred people were slaughtered, from pregnant women and newborns to the aged—shot, burned alive, hanged, bayoneted, tortured to death, killed with grenades, decapitated, beaten to death, mutilated. Schultheis's taped interview was broadcast on National Public Radio in June. It went unnoticed by the press.

Dr. Juliette Fournot is director of the Afghanistan program of *Médecins sans Frontières* (Doctors without Boundaries), the French humanitarian organization that has been sending medical teams into Afghanistan clandestinely since 1980. A petite young woman who spent part of her childhood in Afghanistan and speaks the languages, Dr. Fournot has since 1980 logged thousands of miles inside Afghanistan on horseback and on foot, checking on the operation of the MSF program. In May of this year, just about the time Schultheis was interviewing the Laghman survivors, she was in the southern province of Paktia, interviewing survivors of another, similar atrocity committed six months earlier far to the north, beyond the high mountain ranges, in Baghlan Province. With the snows melted, the few survivors had abandoned their destroyed homes to seek safety in Pakistan's refugee camps.

Dr. Fournot took notes on the interviews with the cool precision of a doctor writing up a patient's medical history. Based on those interviews, this is her account of the massacre:

On 15 Kaous [December 7], a group of Soviet soldiers entered the village of Bilwom at Issa Khel and searched the houses looking for young men to impress into the Afghan army. During the search, several women were raped and a grenade thrown into their house as the soldiers left the village. The Mujahedin in the region, hearing of this, set up an ambush in the path of the returning Soviet troops and attacked the convoy at Chardara. The sixty men of the band were under the command of Sher Mohammed Khan. Seven tanks were destroyed by rocket fire and burned; one tank hit a mine and exploded. At the end of the hour-long battle Sher Mohammed had been wounded in the face, one Mujahed was dead, and six others had been wounded.

On December 12, five days later, at about 11 A.M., four hundred Soviet soldiers circled the villages of Rarao Keshlok Payan, Rarao Keshlok Bala, Tal Gouzar, and Sar-e-Washa, which were close to the site of the December 7 ambush. Tank reinforcements arrived about 2:30. The Soviet troops then systematically entered every house, killing all the occupants, including women and children, often by shooting them in the head. Three pregnant women were disemboweled. The houses were put to the torch, and the fires burned for five days. The troops carried off the money and valuables that the villagers had brought them in the hope of saving their lives. Commandant Mohammed Wali (Mullah Raz Mohammed is his *nom de jihad* [the resistance in Afghanistan has been proclaimed a "jihad," a holy war]), alerted to the attack, arrived about 4 P.M. and attacked the Russians. During the fighting between the Russians and the "Muj" [short for Mujahedin] the survivors in the stricken villages fled.

The following morning, Mohammed Wali rounded up carts and filled each with the corpses of twenty or more women and children and sent them into the town of Kunduz, escorted by old people.

The people of Kunduz, horrified by the massacre, closed their shops and took to the streets in protest. The riots spread to all parts of the town. The Parchamis [Afghan Communist Party members] joined in as well. By the end of the day the Soviets had broken up the demonstrations. They threw the bodies of the victims (women and children) outside the town. The Mujahedin then carried them back to their native villages (Rarao, Tal Gouzar, Sar-e-Washa), and they were buried. After several days of digging through the ruins of the burned houses, a total of 630 people were buried.

Subsequent to her on-the-spot interview with Mohammed Wali, Dr. Fournot received a complete list of the names and ages of the dead, village by village, and has provided the author with a photocopy. It contains the names of 620 men, women, and children. One page is missing, which apparently contains another 11 names, bringing the total to 631—twice the number murdered at Lidice, where the Nazis killed only the men. Correspondents for Reuters and Agence France-Presse interviewed the atrocity survivors in Pakistan. But the story never appeared. AFP in Paris told an inquirer that no report had been received by the home bureau but that, in any case, AFP would not be interested in the story.

When the first reports of the Nazi slaughter of the Jews emerged from occupied Europe in 1942, they were dismissed as "unsubstantiated," their sources labeled as hysterical and unreliable. A decade ago, nobody was willing to believe what was happening in Cambodia until half the nation was dead. We hear constant regrets, not that nothing was known about these events until it was too late. We hear the slogan, "Never again."

But Afghanistan is "again," and it is happening now. Already an estimated one million Afghan civilians have been murdered and the killing continues every day. □

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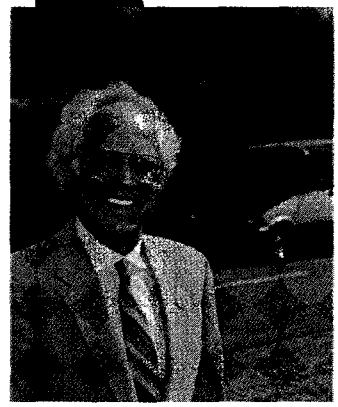

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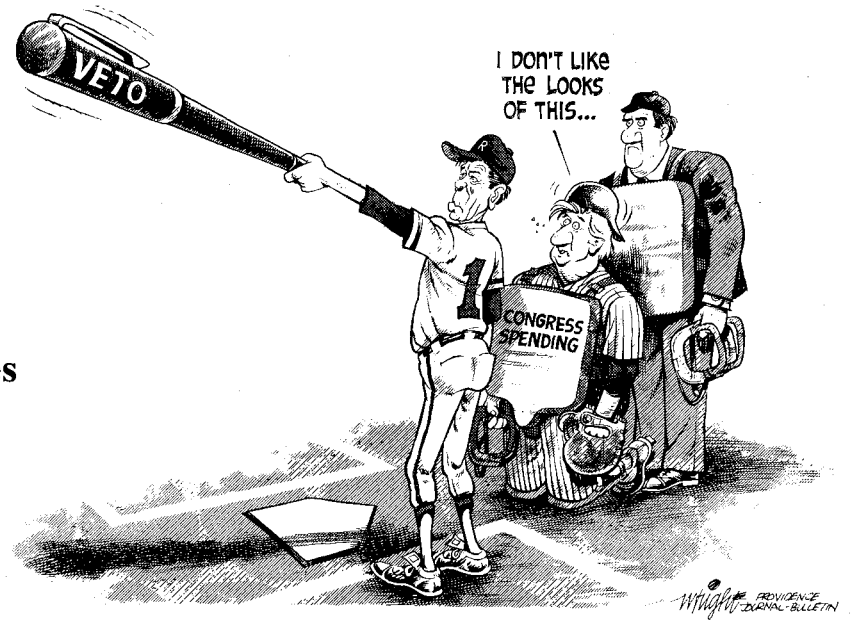

Those Disappointing Durables

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Those yuppies shopping in the mall.

W. H. VON DREELE

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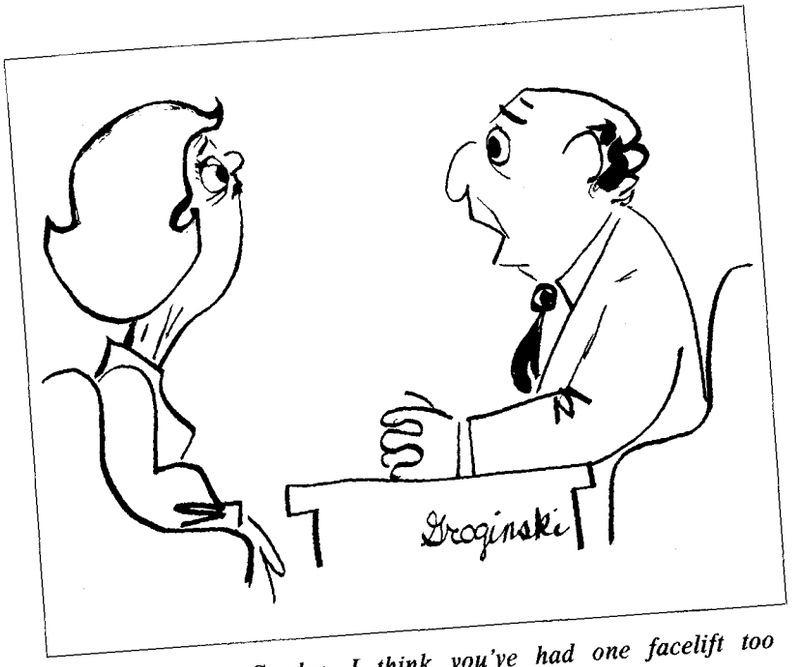

"Frankly, Mrs. Snyder, I think you've had one facelift too many."

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WHY GORBACHEV IS WORRIED

"THE SOVIET UNION is facing a very serious crisis," Marshall Goldman says at the outset of his recent book, *USSR in Crisis*. "This immense rich country is in serious trouble," *Washington Post* national editor and former Moscow correspondent Robert G. Kaiser wrote in that paper one year ago. "That the Communist economies are inefficient and unproductive is known to every reader of the daily press," Richard Pipes wrote in *Survival Is Not Enough*, his recent book about the Soviet Union.

It is difficult for us to remember today how high the hopes once were for the Soviet Union and its economy. Communism would "bury" us. History was on its side. "Who is encircling whom now?" Nikita Khrushchev asked a *Figaro* correspondent at a Kremlin reception in 1958. "When I really feel gloomy I think that five years from now [the Soviets] will be obviously superior to us in every area," said Jerome Wiesner of MIT in 1957. "But when I am optimistic I feel it will take ten years for them to achieve this position."

Returning from an inspection tour of the Soviet Union in 1961, Norman Cousins declared that "the Iron Curtain has become the Red Magnet. The Russians have little hesitation now about bringing people in and displaying their gains. They welcome not just Western scoffers but Asian and African visitors whose own countries are confronted with the need to industrialize in a relatively short time."

Cousins found in the Soviet Union a "mammoth exuberance," a tremendous ongoing celebration, whose raison d'être he passed on to his *Saturday Review* readers: "What was being celebrated—along with Sputnik and nuclear energy and modern apartment houses and chromium-plated new cars and television sets and wristwatches and cameras and savings banks and vacation resorts and modern universities—was the culminating proof that the Russians had finally and indisputably arrived as a great nation. Moreover, they had made it on their own."

1961 was also the year when Khrushchev, at the 22nd Communist Party Congress in Moscow, promised that Communism would be "built" and in place by 1980. By then "public wealth" would "gush forth abundantly." The Soviet GNP would have multiplied by five, production would be double that of the United States. Every Soviet family would have a free apartment with free utilities and "all that a man could reasonably want." The working week would be 35 hours—thirty for those with "underground jobs" (i.e., in the salt mines). Public transportation would be free. So would midday meals. And for those who wanted "rest in an out-of-town environment" there would be holiday homes, country hotels, and tourist camps "at a discount or gratis."

Pig Iron Galore

ALL THIS seemed plausible at the time. People believed Khrushchev when he enunciated "the chief law of the day—the tempestuous process of growth and strengthening of the life forces of the world socialist system." In short (a poignant note in 1985), "all the difficulties and hardships borne by the Soviet people in the name of its great cause will be rewarded a hundredfold."

As for us, monopoly capital had "doomed bourgeois society to low rates of production and growth." We were said to be suffering "want in material goods."

The Left of course heralded the coming socialist triumph. But some on the Right also saw it as a likely outcome, however detestable. After all, it was said, their system was planned and "rational" compared with our higgledy-piggledy, wasteful affair. We produced electric toothbrushes and mounds of junked cars. They had *output*, goals, steel mills, plans, and pig iron galore. And the economic statistics were far from promising. "The Soviet economy has been growing, and is expected to continue to grow through 1962, at a rate roughly twice that of the United States," CIA Director Allen Dulles said in an oft-repeated statement in 1958. Some months later he added that for seven years Soviet industry had been growing at an annual rate of 9.5 per cent. (The annual growth rate of the U.S. economy in the Eisenhower years was 2.4 per cent.)

Of course the figures were all wrong, and they still are today. No one challenges them, however. But consider this. According to CIA data, Soviet GNP in 1982 was a larger percentage (57) of U.S. GNP than it was in 1960 (48). Moreover, GNP per capita (in 1982 dollars) is said to be higher in East Germany ($10,510) than in Japan ($8,860)—a grotesque claim. Per-capita income in Rumania ($4,460) is said to be almost three times higher than in South Korea—a country that now exports cars in direct competition with Detroit. Rumania in recent months has been unable to generate electric power in its capital at night.

Former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Paul Craig Roberts, whose doctoral thesis dealt with the Soviet economy, says that the field was in the Sixties, and probably still is, dominated by economists hostile to the market system. (There have been important exceptions, notably Michael Polanyi in England and Warren Nutter at the University of Virginia.) Soviet GNP figures are misleading for various reasons—perhaps the most important applying also to U.S. GNP statistics. Government spending, however wasteful it may be, is called "production" and is added to GNP, with the same weight as private investment.

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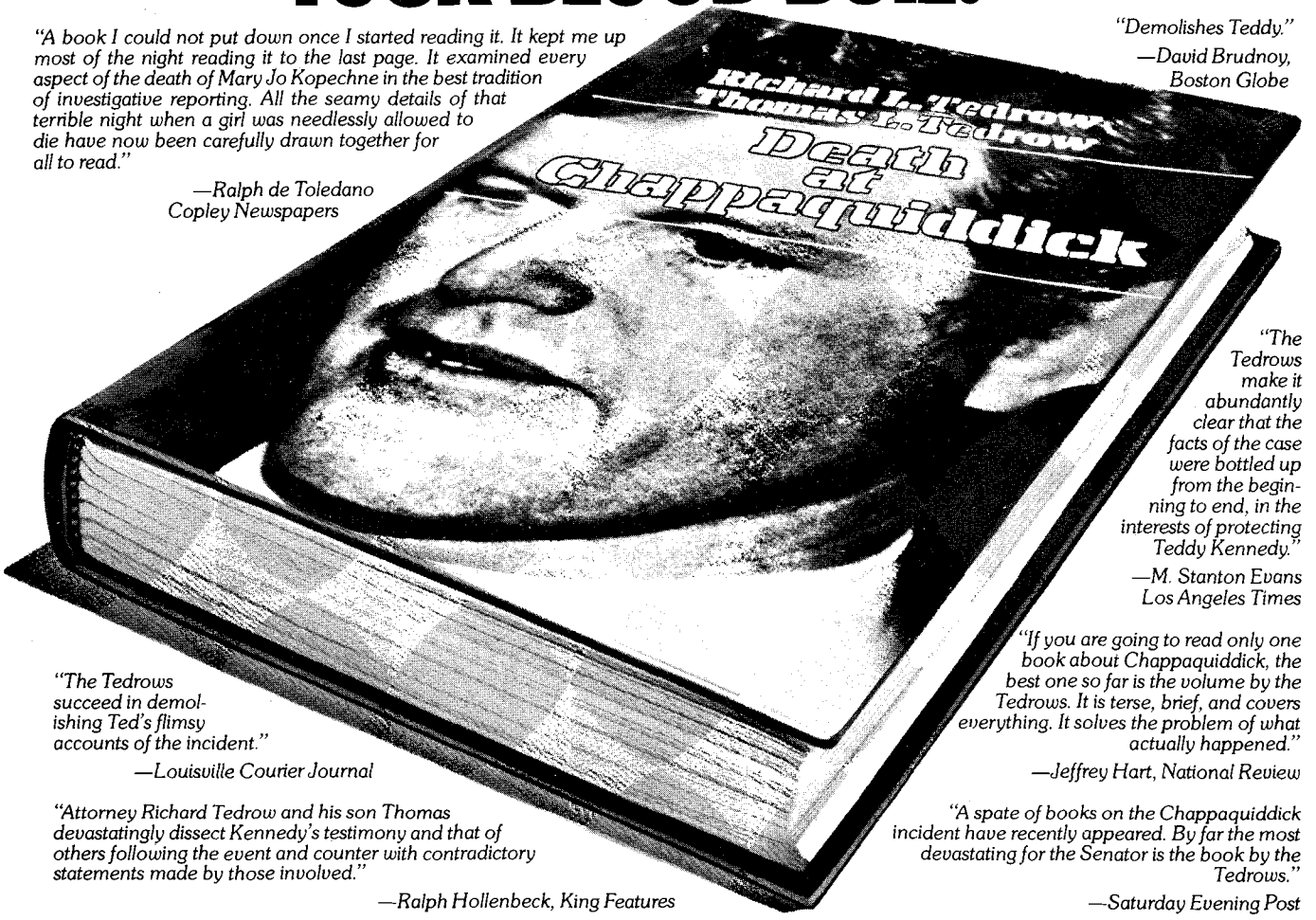

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The $435 that the Pentagon paid for a claw hammer also added $435 to our GNP; the Soviet economy is replete with such distortions, since its equivalent of the Pentagon in fact controls so much of the productive activity in the country. "It's basically a war economy," said Craig Roberts, "with all production organized to achieve military supremacy."

Reckoning by GNP, the Soviets are said to have the second largest economy in the world. But this is not the case by any means. Malcolm Baldrige, the Secretary of Commerce, got it right when he described Japan as "the world's second largest industrial power." It is Japan and the U.S., not the Soviet Union and the U.S., that are "the two superpowers." Soviet GNP statistics would be closer to the mark if divided by ten.

If you go back 25 years or more, you will find that one of the great appeals of the Soviet system (Communism) was that it conferred upon those in charge the unchallenged right to solve economic problems by force. "A dictatorship can order that more steel mills or machinery plants be built," Senator William Benton said upon returning from his trip to the Soviet Union in 1955 (described in his book *This Is the Challenge*). "In the free world, the consumer and his wants must largely provide the impetus for increased production and economic development."

Savings could be coerced by paying laborers less than their due and using the residue to build steel mills. That was it—economic growth could be forced, like broiler-chickens. All you had to do was alienate the workers from the fruits of their labor. We might not like it. Eggs would be broken. But in the end there would be omelets aplenty. "When men do not know what to do," Robert Heilbroner wrote in *The Future as History* (1960), "then men must be told what to do." Capitalism, on the other hand, could only grow slowly—if indeed it could grow at all in the modern world. But unlike collectivism, it could not be imposed. "Peasants, money lenders, petty bureaucrats can be told—ordered—to do what must be done."

That was the appeal—the efficacy of force. "Every emergent nation, in beating its way to progress," Heilbroner wrote, "must adopt a greater or lesser degree of centralized control over its economy." They would in any event, he predicted (and he was right there), because of their "bitter past experience with laissez-faire" and their "susceptibility to Marxian optimism." Senator Benton echoed this theme, heard in those days from every quarter. Soviet "technicians," he said, were the "new-type front-line troops." Through them the underdeveloped nations were being given a "potent example of how to pull themselves up by their bootstraps."

The magnitude of the intellectual change in two decades is illustrated by three quotations from Heilbroner. "Taking the long perspective of the decades ahead," he wrote in 1960, "it is difficult to ignore the relative efficiency of authoritarian over parliamentary regimes, or the truly remarkable growth rates which, thus far at least, have only been attainable under the radical social reorganization of Communist collectivism."

"What is clear," he wrote a few years later in *The Great Ascent* (1963), "is that everywhere in the underdeveloped world the word [socialism] has a charismatic ring. And it is not merely the clarion syllables, with their overtones of social justice, which account for the ubiquity of the socialist term, but also a common functional idea—the superiority of a planned to an unplanned economy as a vehicle for providing rapid economic growth."

But in 1982 Heilbroner wrote in *The New York Review of Books*: "The collapse of the vision of socialism is one of the great intellectual traumas for the West . . . As inefficiencies and indecencies have become evident in the Soviet Union, Cuba, China, East Germany, Poland, not to mention Yugoslavia itself, the once hallowed term 'socialism' has become emptied of content. Moreover, as we look at the ideas of socialism apart from the forms it has taken in specific countries—ideas of central planning, nationalization, the 'dictatorship of the proletariat'—we find the same sickening sense of vanishing ideals, empty slogans, terrible mistakes."

Ideological Disinvestment

FEW HAVE been as candid as Heilbroner, but his recantation is but one outward sign of a severe loss of faith in Soviet-style "scientific" socialism—the materialistic ideology that failed to deliver the material goods. Only the other day John Kenneth Galbraith must have startled a Stanford audience by saying: "The lessons from China and the Soviet Union do not easily pre-empt self-cultivated farms. It's not entirely accidental that two of the countries worst affected by famine in recent years, Mozambique and Ethiopia, have been experimenting with a socialist agricultural model."

Now comes Mikhail Gorbachev, who must somehow come to terms with this loss of faith. The ideology by which he must rule was after all imported from the West, and since 1917 Soviet rulers have undoubtedly drawn much succor and comfort from the

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perdurability of the socialist faith in the Western capitals. The collapse of this faith must surely be a blow to Kremlin morale. Moreover, it is now clear to almost everyone, as it was not ten years ago (or less) that Soviet socialism exists not for the benefit of workers or unions (Solidarity), but of a privileged ruling class (*Nomenklatura*). That has really sunk in, and it has probably been as damaging in its way as Solzhenitsyn's exposures of Gulag in the 1970s.

Of course, collectivist ideology is still far from dead in the West. In some respects it is stronger than ever. But it is rapidly "disinvesting" in the Soviet Union, which is perceived by latter-day collectivists as being almost as bad as America: centralized, "scientific" (far from reassuring to today's Left), and tyrannical. Contemporary utopians—in D.C., for example, I am thinking of Jim Wallis of *Sojourners* and Mitch Snyder of the Community for Creative Non-Violence, and there are many such communitarians all over the U.S. today—tend to model their communities on heretical Christian sects of past centuries: the Albigensians, the Diggers, the Levelers. Talk to Wallis, Snyder, and their followers and you will find them anti-American but not pro-Soviet. In general they are alert to the dangers of coercion and of state power.

Discipline and Order

It seems most unlikely that Gorbachev will be able to revive the Soviet economy, and with it the flagging faith of Western collectivists. The problem for him is that the system *cannot* work as designed. It can only be made to work by circumventing its obstructive design features. By far the most important of these is the centralization of power and authority in the command centers and planning bureaus in Moscow. The problem of course is that dismantling these features would amount to a repudiation of Communism itself, and it is most unlikely that Gorbachev will try anything so drastic, or would be permitted to carry it out if he did try.

At present, very little of this seems to be understood by commentators and "experts" in the West, whose opinions and recommendations, although aimed at Western audiences, are probably given careful attention in the Kremlin. It was striking, for example, that when Gorbachev was promoted to the top position in February, so many commentators expressed the thinly veiled hope that this more youthful man (the same age as Lenin at his death) would be able to reinvigorate the Soviet Union. ("Gorbachev's Vigor Raises Expectations: New Soviet Leader Focuses on Economy"—*Washington Post* headline.)

By implication, the Communist system had not been working so well of late because there had been a succession of men at the top who lacked the necessary youth and vigor. This is an interpretation, obviously, that constitutes an endorsement of the system itself—*provided* it is guided by a skillful and vigorous elite. There's a good possibility that Gorbachev will accept this interpretation at face value and try to increase the use of force to make the system work by the book. In his recent interview with *Time* he said as much, promising a restoration of "discipline and order" and a recentralization of the economy. (Leonid Brezhnev is perceived, perhaps correctly, as having tolerated a certain amount of de facto decentralization.)

If Gorbachev institutes such a crackdown, and actually gets people to work by the rule book for a while, then the economy will decline still further. Cracking down on "corruption" can only make things worse because corruption is simply the name given to voluntary economic transactions that take place without government permission. For a while Gorbachev was in charge of agriculture, and he seems to have cracked down hard. Grain production declined dramatically—from 237 million tons in 1978 to 170 million tons in 1984. (A slight increase is reported this year—"good weather" for a change; or perhaps Mr. Gorbachev was replaced by a less zealous man who turned a blind eye when people were growing things illegally and exchanging them in illegal markets.)

Notice that after the grain debacle Gorbachev was promoted. That's why he might be tempted to crack down again. If he does, he will certainly be applauded by the bureaucracy, whose jobs depend on the maintenance of the system as Lenin and Stalin conceived it. (Not for nothing does the Central Committee include a "chief ideologist.")

On the other hand Gorbachev could try to decentralize decision-making, and in the *Time* interview he promised this, too, using "such tools as profit, pricing, credit, self-sufficiency of enterprises." If Gorbachev managed to implement this change, his headaches would be gone. But his designs in this respect are most likely to be frustrated by the bureaucracy, as were similar proposals from Brezhnev and Andropov. This point, at least, is increasingly understood by our press: Decentralization may be economically desirable but institutionally unattainable. "It may prove impossible," David Ignatius pointed out in the *Wall Street Journal*, "both to increase the independence of individual Soviet enterprises and retain full central control of the economy."

Output, Output, Output

Why can't the system work the way it was supposed to work? This question was answered years ago by the Austrian economist Friedrich A. Hayek. Unfortunately, no one was listening. The central authority cannot give wise commands to the managers of factories and enterprises because the central authority doesn't know what is going on in the rest of the country. It is as simple as that. The planners don't know what commands to give. The idea that Godlike knowledge can be concentrated at one point was simply a fantasy of nineteenth-century socialists who did not believe in God.

It is difficult and usually expensive to transfer a lot of information to a central point. Try to get a message onto President Reagan's desk in the Oval Office if you don't believe me. The job is normally done by a combination of bureaucracy and White House staff who decide that some things are more important than others and bring only the most important to the President's attention. There are other ways—as a rule expensive. Michael Deaver charges good money for his services. And remember this is a largely decentralized economy, where factory managers don't have to await decisions and permission from Washington. Now imagine that you are a deputy commissar in Ukraine, and you need Moscow's permission to switch a trainload of fertilizer from A to B. You can wait, and wait . . . and ruin the harvest . . . or you can accept a little

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favor from the man who wants the fertilizer . . . and there you have corruption again! And no doubt profit! Mr. Gorbachev will be cracking down on you with his whip.

It is as easy to move a lot of information to central command as it is to roll a lot of ball bearings into a small central hole. They can only go in one at a time. Hayek's point was simple and indubitable. Nonetheless you can go to a university library and read a hundred books about socialist economies and not see it raised even once.

There's another important difficulty, described as long ago as 1920 by another Austrian, Ludwig von Mises. Notice that Mr. Gorbachev told *Time* he would like to make greater use of prices, which in turn determine how much of something we want, and how much we might decide to produce. Mises pointed out that government officials cannot know how much to pay for things they want because they are not paying with their own money. Their goal is not to make a profit (i.e., produce something that is more valuable than its component parts) but to fulfill a government order, or quota. Think of the problem the Pentagon has knowing how much to pay for hammers or screwdrivers (or finding out how much it *is* paying). It seems obvious to us what the price of tools "should" be, and that the Pentagon often pays too much for things, but this is only because these things already *have* prices—established in a free market.

But if the government controls the entire economy, as in the Soviet Union, no independent benchmark can be established, and procurement officials have no idea how much to charge or to pay. The problem of establishing prices in a socialist economy can be likened to playing poker with Monopoly money. Unlike (say) bridge, it cannot be done, no matter how hard the players try, because the calculation that goes into the players' bets of necessity involves the possibility that they will win or lose real money. If the money is *not* real—or not theirs, as in the case of a transaction between two Soviet bureaucrats—the act of calculation becomes impossible and bets become meaningless.

Mises made what amounted to one of the great economic predictions of the twentieth century—long before any evidence from the Soviet Union was available: Socialism could not work because without prices you can only allocate resources in the crudest way; and prices in turn can be established only if people are permitted to own what they buy and sell. But socialism by definition abolishes property rights. Hard as it may be to believe, you can also go to a university library and read a hundred books about socialist economies without encountering any mention of ownership or its role in economic calculation. What you will find described, ad nauseam, is something called "output": tons of steel; kilowatt hours of electricity; metric tons of grain—an array of aggregates as irrelevant as they are inaccurate.

Bankers and Generals

So Mr. Gorbachev will not be able to use the price mechanism to restore the Soviet economy. (Many times has this been promised in the past by hopeful Soviet reformers.) And he is most unlikely to be able to revive it in any other way. The truth is it would take an outright repudiation of all that Marx and Lenin believed in order to make the Soviet economy competitive with the market economies. And it is inconceivable that Gorbachev would accept the ideological defeat implied by such a change. Therefore, the Soviet economy will continue to stagnate, and within a year or two it will become clear to all that age and vigor never did have anything to do with the issue.

One hesitates to say that a Communist economy cannot be reformed from within, however much the man at the top may want to change it. China is obviously making a real effort to struggle out from beneath the dead hand of central planning. But plainly it is difficult to get rid of Communism once it is in place. Doing so is like trying to demobilize an army, lacking any civilian oversight, whose officers and other ranks fill every nook and cranny of society. Sergeants must tell privates, and lieutenants must tell sergeants, that they no longer have to be obeyed. The commander-in-chief can resolve that such a demobilization order must be transmitted down the ranks, but it is difficult for him to ensure that it is subsequently carried out.

The stagnation of the Communist bloc was obscured in the 1970s by at least $80 billion in bank loans and credits from the West. In particular it was hidden from the Party elites behind the Iron Curtain, because they were able to use this capitalist money to buy themselves cars and Western merchandise from the special stores that are open only to them. But this capital transfer must by now have been well and truly consumed. We can be sure that they will be back again this fall, knocking on the doors of our generous bankers. This time, however, it will not be so easy to extract the money because the Communists will be competing with so many other improvident beggars. (Nonetheless, David Rockefeller will host a luncheon for General Jaruzelski, the Polish strongman.)

Arguably, the Soviet Union will become more dangerous as it becomes clearer to everyone that the capitalist societies are leaving the Communists further and further behind. (The growing gap between North and South Korea, and between Mainland China and Taiwan, is hard to ignore.) As the Soviet "superpower" status is reduced to nothing more than a brazen willingness to rattle missiles and broadcast threats from Radio Moscow, Kremlin arguments in favor of using these missiles are likely to strengthen. That, at any rate, seems to be the State Department's unacknowledged view of the situation. (In its Background Notes on the USSR, the State Department Bureau of Public Affairs cravenly identifies the Soviet "type of government" as "federal union"; its "constitution" as dating from 1977; its "branches of government" as "executive, legislative, and judicial"; and its "suffrage" as "universal over 18.") And that is why the Reagan-Gorbachev summit may well include proposals for further U.S. aid disguised as trade.

Prognostication about the course of Soviet events has in the past been consistently wrong. Conservatives have frequently predicted the collapse of the Soviet economy. But it collapsed long ago, in the 1920s and 1930s. Likewise, liberal predictions about "convergence" between the Soviet Union and the United States have proved to be wrong. Perhaps the only safe guess is that no one in the future is likely to repeat the erroneous analysis of the Soviet system that was so common in the years following the launching of Sputnik. □

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nce upon a time,

long, long ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers? Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody.* Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And lo these many years we have asked our readers to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. **As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!**

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UNHAPPY ANNIVERSARY

TO UNDERSTAND what Brian Mulroney and his Tories have done in one year since winning the most impressive mandate in Canadian political history, recall the Boston Red Sox of 1978. The Sox had a 14½-game lead on the Yankees in August. They blew it, and the Yankees went on to win the World Series. That memorable collapse is a fair comparison with the disaster now unfolding here.

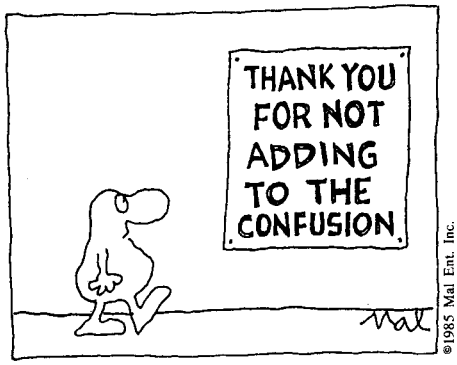
Only six months ago, Mulroney stood even taller in the polls than on September 4, 1984, when he carried every province in the country on the way to an awesome landslide. The Liberals, Canada's majority party for the last sixty years, not only had been annihilated federally, but for the first time ever were not in power in any provincial government. Flushed with success, Tories everywhere talked of a new national realignment.

That sudden onset of hubris from a party of traditional bridesmaids now seems too laughable to be tragic. The federal Tories' once-commanding lead in the polls has shrunk to the toss-up range. Although provincial and federal political loyalties frequently diverge, Mulroney has to be scared by recent provincial developments. In Ontario, where the Tories had been in power for 42 straight years, a confident Tory majority government loafed through its campaign for this spring's election. Down twenty points in the polls at the start, the Liberals fought hard, astonishing even themselves by gaining power in a minority government backed by the socialist New Democratic Party. In Quebec, the *Parti Québecois*, riven by ideological strife and tied to the now-moribund idea of leaving Canadian confederation, trails the provincial Liberals in the polls, with an election due soon. In New Brunswick, the reigning Tories face electoral defeat next year as Premier Richard Hatfield refuses resignation demands arising from personal drug scandals.

In addition to worrying about provincial trends, Mulroney has to feel panicky when he contemplates the sudden end of his honeymoon with the electorate—an annulment on the grounds of nonconsummation. The voters demanded change, and demanded it massively. Pierre Trudeau's ruling principles had been handouts at home, and hands off abroad when it came to NATO responsibilities. Mulroney promised a society based on entrepreneurial initiative, a control on runaway government spending, and an end to the Yankee-baiting and neutralism that had passed for foreign policy. He reveled in his relationship with Reagan, a friendship that led to the spring Shamrock Summit at Quebec climaxing in a duet of "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling."

That show was the high point for the Tories. Since then, it's been downhill all the way.

Their first budget looked promising, draped as it was in rightist rhetoric, although it still scheduled a deficit of Trudeauesque proportions. Its courage came in a commitment to remove part of the automatic inflation indexing on the universal old-age pensions. The first 3 per cent annual increase in the Consumer Price Index would not be offset for pensioners, so there would be, in effect, a deductible. With inflation down around 4 per cent, that policy would, within the life of this government, have sharply slashed the cost of one of Ottawa's biggest spending programs. It would also have represented a gutsy first step toward controlling the universal handout schemes lying at the core of the nation's fiscal crisis. (Canada's deficits in relation to GNP are about twice as grim as the United States'.)



INITIAL REACTION to Finance Minister Michael Wilson's budget was generally favorable. Most Canadians understood that only a willingness to address the costs of major social programs could slow the nation's downward spiral. However, containment of pension costs was clearly a sensitive issue, and the opposition bit venomously on this "attack on the helpless." A national storm soon seemed to develop. I say "seemed" because although the media shrilled about protest meetings, tearful speeches, telegrams to Ottawa, and other evidence of outrage, few Tory MPs found anything more than isolated, ritualistic fury. Mulroney, however, whose dislike of being disliked had long ago been tabbed by Tory doubters as his big weakness, overruled his finance minister. The result was humiliation in the House of Commons for Wilson, outright victory for the outnumbered opposition, and widespread voter disenchantment. People who had regarded pensions as inviolable gave the opposition credit for the *volte-face*, and those who had hoped for strong leadership mourned. They also began to notice the government's spinelessness on other issues.

For example, after ignoring Central America for decades, Ottawa sent a cabinet minister to Nicaragua and encouraged the Sandinistas to open a trade office in Canada for an end-run

(Continues on page 53)

Mr. Coxe is a director of Gordon Capital Corporation in Toronto and a financial columnist.

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ABROAD

KAMPALA *Amin Resurrected?*

The quiet return of troops still loyal to the deposed tyrant Idi Amin to the capital of Uganda following the overthrow of his rival, Milton Obote, has prompted speculation that the colorful if sanguinary figure may attempt to muscle in on his country's latest revolution. The fall of Obote, engineered by current strongman General Basilio Okello, has opened the door to various tribal and regional factions, and Amin has been quick to take advantage of the ensuing confusion. From his official place of exile in Saudi Arabia, for example, he issued a public statement demanding the right of all exiles to return home and saying he was strong enough to dominate whatever leadership might emerge from the coup. Talks are now going on between three main groups of Ugandan civilian and military coalitions, and Amin may attempt to intervene before any new government crystallizes.

DJAKARTA *Croakers*

One aspect of the worldwide gourmet revolution has been a dramatic increase in the consumption of frogs' legs, of which Indonesia is a major producer. This has resulted in a reduction in the number of the batrachians that inhabit the steamy tropical wetlands abundant in this equatorial climate, and there have been murmurs of dire environmental consequences. For example, farmers have been obliged to use more chemical pesticides than usual owing to the increase in the number of mosquitoes and other insects that prey upon crops. At the same time, international wildlife authorities are saying that frog-hunting on the present scale—Indonesia exports something like 3,500 tons of frogs' legs a year—could prove disastrous for tropical systems, breaking major aquatic food chains, and animal-rights activists in Europe say that the batrachians are slaughtered cruelly to boot. In some regions, growth of a deleterious plant infection has been blamed on the rise in the number of frog-hunters, generally rice-farmers who go out into the paddies with nets and scoops at sunset. On the consumer side, there are worries that the use of pesticides in India and Bangladesh (big frogs'-legs producers) as well as in Indonesia may poison the flesh. Some shipments of Indonesian frogs' legs have been rejected by American customs authorities as being infected with salmonella bacteria. Finally, according to some Islamic teaching, the frog is an unclean beast and may not be eaten, and as Indonesia has the biggest Moslem population in the world, the question is of importance. The status of this problem so far, according to the deliberations of a group of Moslem scholars convened to consider it, is that Moslems may raise frogs but not breed them.

SAN MARINO *Jump*

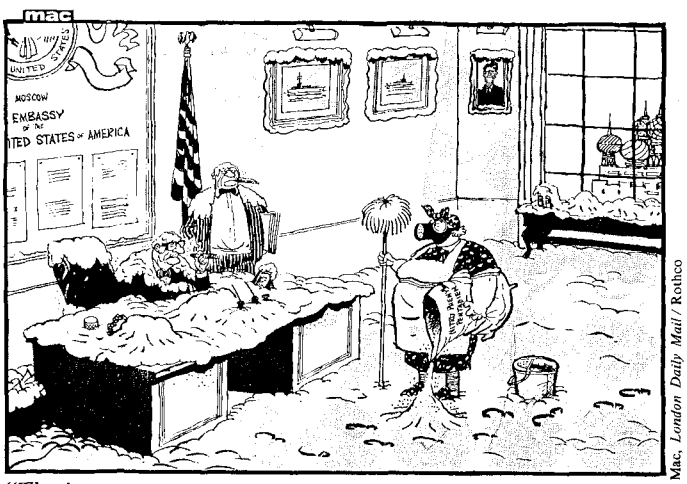
The population of San Marino, the smallest and oldest republic in Europe, nestled in the mountains of northeastern Italy, has increased dramatically in size, from 21,622 to more than 23,000, by a simple ceremony of oath-taking. The oath of allegiance to the San Marino government was taken by 1,400 persons who wished to become San Marino citizens. Their qualifications? They had already been living in the country for more than thirty years.

PARIS *Second Funeral*

Victor Hugo is enjoying his "second funeral." The famous poet, playwright, and novelist died just one hundred years ago, and his reputation, enormous while he was alive, has not faded with the passage of time, although he has not been so popular with the country's intellectuals. It was André Gide who summed up their position when he was asked to name France's greatest poet; he replied, "Victor Hugo, alas." All that a modern consuming society can do to celebrate such an event is being done. Tens of thousands of T-shirts have been manufactured with Hugo's portrait; radio and television are full of readings of his poetry and recollections of his fame, including serialization of his most famous novel, *Les Misérables*, new productions of his plays, popular festivals, and so on. In Paris alone, there have been 13 special exhibitions devoted to his life and works this summer and fall. Hugo was a genius of popular communication, and at his original funeral, thousands of mourners filed by his coffin who could not have read a word he had written: They were illiterate. Hugo was a romantic revolutionary in politics and literature. His play *Hernani* caused a riot when it opened in Paris. He also enjoyed a reputation as a great lover, buoyed for posterity by many savory excerpts from his letters and diaries. The celebration's organizers have distributed hundreds of thousands of stickers that say, "*Hugo, c'est géant*"—roughly, "Hugo, you're the greatest."

WINCHESTER *Alien Mink*

More than a thousand mink released here from a Hampshire mink ranch by animal-rights activists have been causing a scare among raisers of rabbits and poultry and keepers of pets. Although most of the mink have been recaptured there are still some on the loose. The mink, a small but savage fur-bearing carnivore, is not native to England and is believed capable of doing serious damage to small and medium-sized animals and even to children. Members of the Animal Liberation Front, which claimed responsibility, slashed open the mink cages and runs, and sprayed farm vehicles with paint during their raid on the ranch, police said.



Mac, London Daily Mail / Rothco

"That's true, Mrs. Petrinski. I did ask you to dust my office. However . . ."

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SOVIET MASK, RUSSIAN FACE

Thomas Molnar

The Faces of Contemporary Russian Nationalism, by John B. Dunlop (Princeton, 363 pp., $32.50)

JOHN DUNLOP's book deals with a phenomenon not acknowledged by most professional Sovietologists: the tenacious faith and energy with which Russians (*not* "Soviets") cling to their fatherland, its traditions, language, and culture. If so little is known about the Russia that lies "under the rubble" of a ruinous ideology, the reason may be, the author half suggests, that the Western world is basically more afraid of a renascent Russian nation than of the comfortable continuation of the Communist regime we profess to abhor.

Although the book suffers from a degree of academic dryness, the fascinating topic overcomes any obstacle to sustained reading. Many Westerners fear that if the Russian people were allowed to recover their country, they would opt for a reactionary polity—and these fears are quite well founded, if you define as "reactionary" the restoration of the Orthodox Church, the rebirth of the back-to-the-land movement, and some form of autocracy. The barest hint that this might someday come to pass (and Dunlop details a number of trends that point in that direction) sends shivers down the spines of Soviet-watchers who in fact play an ambiguous game: They fight the Soviet Union, allegedly in the hope of overthrowing the regime, yet they try at the same time to block any post-Marxist resurgence of the real Russia.

The reception Solzhenitsyn has received in the West since his exile typifies this attitude. American intellectuals revered him for his denunciations of the Gulag—but they began to dismiss him as "out of touch" and "fanatical" as soon as he turned his attention to what sort of regime he would propose to replace the Soviet one. We want a Russia that would be a carbon copy of the United States: democratic, pluralist, uprooted from its past. If that's not what we're going to get, we seem to feel, we might as well put our money on a vaguely "liberalized" Kremlin with which we think we can live.

Over against this daydream, Dunlop delineates the "faces" of Russian patriotism, which are totally unknown to the average shielded and misinformed reader. We learn that there has been—even under Stalin—a never-ending effort to preserve and restore the monuments of the past, including churches and monasteries, icons, and a pure language. Efforts also to remind the Orthodox clergy of their past glory and historical role as defenders of the nation, to strengthen the nationalities, to protect nature, to preserve the best in art and literature.

It turns out that the Russians are just as horrified at what is happening to their land under Bolshevism as Westerners are at what the industrial/consumer society and fast-buck land speculators are doing to *their* disappearing landscape. In fact, the Russians see the Communist regime not only as an Oriental despotism, but also as the Eastern version of blind industrialization and robotization. Thus, when a rather substantial elite publish appeals in their amazingly bold samizdat volumes, they come very close to Solzhenitsyn's position: A post-Communist Russia ought to initiate the restoration of the land and village life. Apart from the Bolsheviks' extermination of some sixty million people, their greatest crime has been the destruction of the countryside, the grey proletarianization of countless peasants, Russia's bone and marrow.

No surprise then that among the many who advocate a renascence, we find also the "national Bolsheviks," who wish to save certain structures of the present state, but with a greater emphasis on national interests. The periodic harassment and suppression of national and Orthodox movements rarely amount to total elimination, partly because these movements have quasi-clandestine protectors in very high places. I saw this phenomenon in my

M. D. Aeschliman teaches English at the University of Virginia.

Aram Bakshian Jr., a former aide to three U.S. Presidents, has broadcast frequently on American, Canadian, and European programs.

Schuyler Chapin, formerly General Manager of the Metropolitan Opera, is now Dean of the School of Arts at Columbia University.

Dan Dickinson is president of the Productivity Communication Center in Boston.

Thomas Molnar is the author of the forthcoming book The Pagan Temptation, *to be published by the University Press of America this fall.*

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native Hungary too: While official cultural policy toes the ideological line, there are men in the Party hierarchy who, for whatever reason—perhaps because they do not want their nation to die—encourage, or at least do not obstruct, the manifestation of national culture. This is how the painter Ilya Glazunov was allowed to exhibit his work, with its patriotic and religious themes, before no fewer than 35,000 visitors a day, some of whom slept on the street overnight in order to be sure of getting in.

To the regime's attempts at total politicization, Russians respond by bringing faith and their national culture to bear on every aspect of life. But this does not mean they are indulging in either antiquarianism or isolationism. It is comforting to learn from Dunlop's book the extent to which Russian writers, artists, and professors are integrated with Western currents, and with what sureness of judgment these men participate in the world conflict of ideas. Heidegger may not be our most nourishing daily bread, but when V. N. Osipov, editor of the outspoken journal *Veche*, names him without hesitation in an interview as perhaps the most significant philosopher of the century, he is not far off the mark. And he dismisses in the same breath Marcuse and Sartre. How many Western professors would have the courage?

A serious question is raised by the wealth of material John Dunlop conveys to us. Suppose the Soviet regime finds itself one of these days in a struggle for survival against domestic forces of renewal. Which of the two would the West support? Would we again prop up Stalin? □

BAILOUT BLUES

Dan Dickinson

New Deals: The Chrysler Revival and the American System, by Robert B. Reich and John D. Donahue (Times Books, 360 pp., $17.95)

On June 22, 1979, Chrysler Chairman John Riccardo informed Stu Eizenstat, Jimmy Carter's domestic advisor, that his firm, the tenth largest industrial concern in America, was on the edge of bankruptcy. Could the government help?

By requesting federal assistance for Chrysler, Riccardo touched off a political and philosophical debate that continues to the present day. To what extent—if any—should Washington protect private corporations from the market? In the story of Chrysler's fall and resurrection, many have perceived a means of restructuring the American economy to protect people, via subsidy and planning, from the winds of economic change. Others have seen in the Chrysler bailout a dangerous precedent that could lead to the socialization and politicization of the private sector. In *New Deals*, Reich and Donahue look at the Chrysler controversy in terms both of what happened and of what "lessons" may be drawn from it. Given Robert Reich's identification as a principal proponent of "industrial policy," one would expect the volume to be a polemic for planning. What emerges instead is a reasonably even-handed and at times compelling account of the crisis, which raises more questions than it resolves.

Chrysler's problems were caused, according to the authors, by a combination of "bad management and bad luck." Like its fellows in the auto industry, Chrysler had not kept up with the times and was "ill-prepared to face foreign competition" when imports increased dramatically in the late Seventies. Worse, Chrysler's labor costs had been allowed to increase sharply, quality had declined, and the government had saddled the industry with a host of new social obligations regarding safety, women, minorities, and the environment without worrying about where the automakers were going to get the money to fulfill them. As the weakest of the Big Three, Chrysler was already on shaky ground when the 1979-80 recession hit. Double-digit inflation and interest rates were enough to push Chrysler to the brink.

Getting assistance from Washington proved difficult. Treasury Secretary G. William Miller warned Chrysler's officials that "it's going to be so awful you'll wish you never brought the whole thing up." His words were prophetic. The fight for loan guarantees turned into a legislative donnybrook, with a large cast of heroes, villains, and fools.

California Congressman Pete Stark typified the last category, introducing legislation that required Chrysler to hire *only* minority members and wom-

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ LAST SEPTEMBER TITLES: *Shared Destiny: Fifty Years of Soviet-American Relations* (Beacon, $16.95), edited by Mark Garrison and Abbott Gleason, is almost exclusively devoted to cant ("We need to lower our voices"; we must quit "over-ideologizing" our relationship with the Soviet Union) and absurd recommendations, such as George Kennan's suggestion that we ought to centralize our conduct of foreign affairs because the Russians can't tell whether to deal with Congress, the State Department, or the President. There is included, however, a good and balanced essay by the ever insightful, reliable, and useful Adam Ulam.

In *The Universal Machine: Confessions of a Technological Optimist* (McGraw-Hill, $16.95), Pamela McCorduck argues that the computer will eventually have the effect of reconciling what C. P. Snow called "the two cultures," that of science and that of literature.

Giacometti: A Biography (Farrar, $30), by James Lord, looks to be an excellent study of the Swiss-born sculptor who saw himself as the last of a line of artists reaching from ancient Egypt to Cézanne.

In *Rio Grande: Mountains to the Sea* (Texas Monthly Press, $35), Jim Bones—a wilderness guide, photographer, and writer working out of Santa Fe—has produced a fascinating account in words and pictures of the river's two-thousand-mile course from the Rockies and the Sierra Madres to the Gulf of Mexico.

The Stories of Muriel Spark (Dutton, $18.95) is a collection of 27 stories, comprising the two previous collections as well as a number of hitherto ungathered stories.

☐ COMING IN OCTOBER: *Table of Contents* (Farrar, $15.95), by John McPhee, consists of eight miscellaneous pieces (previously published of course in *The New Yorker*) on subjects ranging from the invasion of a New Jersey town by a bear, to the advent of the telephone to a small Alaskan town, to Senator Bill Bradley, to hydroelectric plants in New York, to the other John McPhee (a writer and Maine bush-pilot).

—CW

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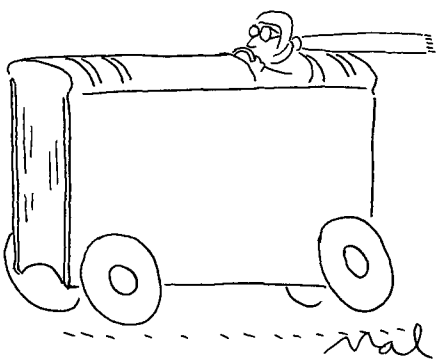
en for new executive positions and to expand its market share by 1 per cent per year. Conversely, Senator William Proxmire distinguished himself as a responsible opponent of the scheme. "When you go into bankruptcy," he said to Iacocca, "what the judge does is [have] the creditors stand back awhile. You keep all the profitable operations going. What's wrong with that?" After the guarantees passed, Proxmire continued to monitor the program to assure the money wasn't wasted.

John Riccardo also emerges from the account with honor. When he realized that Congress required a scapegoat, he manfully placed his own neck on the block. By contrast, New York City bailout guru Felix Rohatyn assumed a sinister role, using the crisis to make a cynical power play that, had it succeeded, would have left him the economic dictator of the corporation. *New Deals* won't enhance Lee Iacocca's presidential prospects, either. Reich and Donahue put it gently when they say that "Iacocca . . . was no singlehanded savior." In fact, Iacocca's resistance to cost-cutting programs, his bad timing on executive compensation, and his insistence on keeping his corporate jet while thousands of Chrysler employees were being laid off did not make Chrysler's resurrection any easier.

Even when the loan guarantees were passed, Chrysler's future was anything but secured. In order for the rescue operation to have any chance of working, all the key players—management, labor, bankers, and stockholders—had to agree to sacrifices to match the government's commitment. Some, such as the UAW and most suppliers, took their medicine with limited grumbles. Others resisted but eventually did what was required. Occasionally, ugly tactics were used. A Rockford, Illinois, banker who refused to capitulate to concession demands found his house surrounded by pickets and his family subjected to bomb threats. During a meeting discussing recalcitrants, one congressman wanted to know, "Who do we get?"

Even the concessions that were given, however, proved unequal to the task. It was left to the Reagan Administration to "save Chrysler." First, the "safe-harbor leasing" and "voluntary import controls" programs, dealt with extensively by Reich and Donahue, provided the auto industry with a $1-billion subsidy. Second, and strangely unmentioned by the pair, was the most significant factor of all: the economic recovery program, which drastically cut inflation and interest rates and put tax-cut dollars in the hands of consumers. Still, the question must be asked: Was the bailout the proper response to the problem?



According to Reich and Donahue, probably not. Though the rescue was advertised as necessary to save jobs, the reductions needed to return the company to profitability were so drastic that bankruptcy might not have been any worse. Moreover, after much talk of changing work relationships during the crisis, labor relations at Chrysler seem to be tracking again in their familiar grooves. Nor did the bailout change much in the way the government responds to such difficulties. "The Chrysler episode offers worthy lessons on how to preserve companies," conclude Reich and Donahue. "But it is less illuminating about why—and when—we should."

From all of this, Reich and Donahue draw some predictable neoliberal lessons about the need for job-training programs, plant-closing laws, and a more "organized" approach to future corporate crises. These conclusions are questionable. What probably won't be disputed is that *New Deals* makes, overall, a useful contribution to the debate about our industrial future. ☐

NO DEGENERATE SON

M. D. Aeschliman

The Force of Poetry, by Christopher Ricks (Oxford, 447 pp., $29.95)

"EVERY USER of language, whatever his or her politics, is engaged not only in conversation but in conservation," writes Christopher Ricks; yet "the *extent* to which the conservative interest within language predominates varies greatly from one society to another." Since the deaths of Auden and Trilling, no one has written more judiciously and sensitively than Ricks about both English and American lit-

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erature and culture and their relations. Consider a comment on attitudes toward language and change:

> The American writer, or citizen, will sometimes not even try to arrest a process of toxic decay. The English writer, or citizen, will sometimes not even try to apprehend that a process of decay need not be toxic.

Yet the fine, and finely titled, essay from which this comes, "American English and the Inherently Transitory," contains a persuasive appreciation of the poetry of Bob Dylan, and argues that the best contemporary American poets "convey the poignancy of there being nothing final" or lasting in their environing culture. Ricks notes the pathos of Dylan's sense (in "When You Gonna Wake Up") of the dominance of the ephemeral, as opposed by the memorable line he quotes from the Bible: "Strengthen the things that remain."

Yet Ricks is not mainly an enthusiast of popular culture but, in the best sense, a mandarin, a member of the "clerisy" of which Coleridge spoke. He occupies probably the most distinguished and influential of all chairs of English literature, at Cambridge University, where one of his predecessors was the eminent literary historian and moralist Basil Willey. Yet within his profession Ricks recently brought hostility down on his own head for traducing the state of fashionable literary criticism. He then had the temerity to tell *Newsweek*, ever-present when neophilia is threatened, that it was the job of English faculties "to teach and uphold the canon of English literature."

No one living writes about this canon more intelligently or eloquently than Ricks, the author of highly esteemed books on Milton, Keats, and Tennyson, and a distinguished editor of texts. His introduction to the Signet paperback edition of *Milton's "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained"* is one of the finest literary essays I have ever read, showing in brief why Milton is a great poet and why such a great poet is important to people other than students, professors, and aesthetes. Milton's principles and his practice make him "the great enemy of aestheticism," which (with its grimacing opposite, socialist realism) is the great artistic treason of the modern world:

> Art for art's sake? Art for God's sake. Archibald MacLeish gave aestheticism a witty shape: "Poems should not mean but be." W. B. Yeats gave aestheticism a tragic tone: "Words alone are certain good." But words are not enough for Milton, though his are certainly good.

No degenerate son, Ricks is neither afraid of nor antagonistic toward the great central metaphysical/religious tradition that our literary canon has borne and borne witness to, whether he is writing about the fine contemporary English Christian poet Geoffrey Hill or about Milton:

> "Just are the ways of God," says the Chorus in *Samson Agonistes*—but they do not leave it at that: "And justifiable to men." Dr. Johnson insisted that in *Paradise Lost* Milton's "purpose was the most useful and the most arduous . . . to show the reasonableness of religion."

Against the feckless specialists and aesthetic nihilists Ricks quotes Empson's assertion that "the idea that there actually couldn't be a moral debate in a literary work amounts to a collapse of the Western mind."

The volume under review contains essays written over the last twenty years, including one on Chaucer's friend John Gower and others on Marvell, Milton ("Sound and Sense in *Paradise Lost*," a powerful and hauntingly beautiful essay: ". . . such poetry is not unfelt. It interposes its timely aid, and its dominion checks the night"), Dr. Johnson, Wordsworth, and a host of minor poets and contemporary poets, including Lowell, Larkin, and Geoffrey Hill. Ricks writes a prose in full possession of vast, meditated, concentrated reading and experience; as a kind of creed his revision of an assertion of Pound's is apt and affecting: "All values ultimately go into our judicial sentences."

My only quarrel with this volume of Ricks's criticism is that there are not two of them. Besides the introduction to the Signet Milton, a second volume would contain, for instance, Ricks's riposte to Professor Bloom's attack on T. S. Eliot, which represents "the envious usurpation which a critic would like to practice, and which he plucks up courage to practice as soon as there are no great poets alive to chasten his smaller, much less important creativity"; his critique of our lethal liberationisms: "So constraints be-

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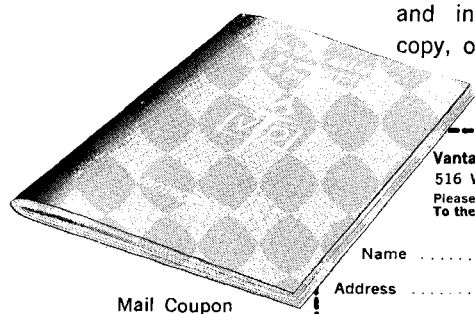

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come, not ever the valued resistance which alone can make possible true freedom or true creativity, but always a hindrance, an infringement, a curtailment"; his willingness publicly and in print to quote Eliot's shockingly orthodox assertion: "It seems to me that all of us, so far as we attach ourselves to created objects and surrender our wills to temporal ends, are eaten by the same worm"; his mistrust of contemporary artistic solipsism: "Self-reflection is a good partner, but it is not good enough to be any art's master"; and the marvelous lecture on "T. S. Eliot and Prejudice," delivered at Columbia University and elsewhere over the last five years.

Yet there are riches in profusion, worlds within words, in *The Force of Poetry*, as when Ricks writes of Milton's depiction of Satan in *Paradise Lost* that the "poetry is of a kind which is deeply suspicious (rightly, to my mind) of the treacherous glissade from empathy to sympathy." This is worthy of being put beside Lord Acton's meditation: "There is a popular saying of Madame de Staël . . . that we forgive whatever we really understand. The paradox has been judiciously pruned by her descendant, the Duc de Broglie, in the words: 'Beware of too much explaining, lest we end by too much excusing.'" Is this not, indeed, the "treacherous glissade" the modern liberal mind has made, to its moral ruin?

Ricks's use of quotation and iteration are enormously skillful and potent; he "strengthens the things that remain," the literary canon and the values contained in it, by refusing to forget or let go of them. As sensitively and hospitably open to the new as he is, it is true also of him what he says of Dr. Johnson, that "life and literature are [for him] in more danger from our forgetting or losing the things that we possess than from our failing to find new things."

Suffused as our culture is by the degrading subjectivism of modernity, we should avail ourselves of the quality that Ricks's criticism shares with Milton's poetry, of which he writes: "It praises a verity external to itself. . . . It assumes that the truth is in its way as 'external' to us as is the light of day." As long as he continues to write this truly and well, Ricks should be forgiven for not announcing his allegiance to the Word more explicitly to the agnostic and atheistic sanhedrin of his profession. It might cost him his job, and in the meantime he interposes timely aid. □

FICTION

BOLL'S 'LOST' NOVEL

D. Keith Mano

A Soldier's Legacy, by Heinrich Böll (Knopf, 131 pp., $11.95)

MY ADVICE to young novelists: don't ever throw out anything you've written. Cop a little international success and it'll all be "found" again. (I keep everything, along with the 408 unused spools of dental floss given me by one well-meaning oral hygienist or another since 1954. Some day, in fact, I may write an early, "lost" novel.) This book must've come straight from Nobel Prize winner Heinrich Böll's old WW II footlocker—written in 1947, at age thirty (his first novel wasn't published until 1949). A fetal thing it is: finger bud and the suggestion of some interesting visage are there. But if, like most, you read five books per year, feel free to miss this one.

The novel is half miniature slot-car race, half fairground truck-pull contest. Most of young Böll's text has an untrimmed, perishable tone: the small and allusive sound I associate with certain post-WW II European short fiction. Yet the last third is a carpet-bombing war narrative. This, mind you, doesn't constitute the novella form—which is a quite separate genre, of special density, not just some designation for middle length. Moreover, Böll has stuccoed his surface with the Underground Man convention. *A Soldier's Legacy* is quick-set in confessional-letter style—written to the brother of one Lieutenant Schelling, who was murdered by Schnecker, his immediate superior. "I'm not a confidence-inspiring person," narrator Private Wenk will say. "Most of my time is spent lying on the bed smoking cigarettes. . . . I am very seldom persuaded to undertake any kind of activity." Wenk is listless, bitter, sensitive, the beaten German: an existentialist without much existence. Yet Böll can't sustain that voice. Soon enough his letter/novel has no addressee. Maybe because indolent, shiftless people who lie in bed all day don't often write 131-page manuscripts.

Boredom is the most stimulating subject matter here: and nicely expressed by Böll. Wenk and his lieutenant help patrol the all-too-quiet Western Front in 1943. Which is like doing an EEG hourly on Rodin's *Thinker*. "Year after year the same. Every evening a password to be memorized plus the various flare signals, hand grenades placed in readiness—hand grenades against the sea!" Despite a 12-hour guard tour, this will leave much time for moralizing. Some of it is rather banal: on women, on drunkenness, on military corruption. And the great moral confrontation—Schelling *v.* Schnecker—is predictable as a center jump between Kareem Abdul Jabbar and me. Schelling cares: for his men, for intellect, for Wenk, not for military protocol. He'd like to assassinate Hitler. War is an element, almost weather, Böll suggests. In it, the evil will survive better. You don't need an actuary to figure that Schelling should keep up his term-insurance premiums. The manner of death will probably surprise, but not enough.

There is boredom, great repetition, in battlefield carnage as well—though the life instinct may not allow soldiers to analyze with proper equanimity. A high-explosive barrage can be tedious as supervising the imperturbable ocean: but that tedium is sharply contracted through time. Böll's style (in, I think, a sallow translation by Leila Vennewitz) will use much dry understatement. Metaphor and syntactical vigor have, one might say, gone AWOL. Böll sounds better when Wenk and Schelling and Schnecker are sent to the Eastern Front for their thirty-page tour of duty. War and understatement cooperate. "I stepped over a rail fence" and "I stepped over a corpse" carry different voltage. Art will lie in making the former seem resonant. Böll was already a master of front-line narrative (he got wounded four times in WW II). At age thirty, though, his prose had insufficient range or energy when on leave.

One insight struck me as remarkable: "Oh, that fear of being taken prisoner by the Russians! It was this fear alone that prevented the war in Russia from ending as early as 1942. Imagine, if you will, what would've happened if our soldiers had been made to fight there for years under the same inhu-

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man conditions, the same incompetent leadership, against the Americans or the British." Scare your enemy. But don't scare him too much.

The murder of Schelling is probably sudden and stupid. It is also rather inadequate. As though bored, Böll/Wenk signs off abruptly. Schnecker, we have been told, will prosper. The correct ironies are all table-set. Yet, in fact, young Böll misjudged his structure badly. I'd guess that the somewhat intrusive, incomplete letter-from-underground convention was put on later—mid second draft, say. The story, he must have felt, wasn't significant enough for a jaded postwar German readership. He had to impose some more specific, personal audience—so the Schelling brother was introduced. Since, however, neither you nor I have a blood connection, his soldier's legacy doesn't pass on well. □

PUBLICATIONS

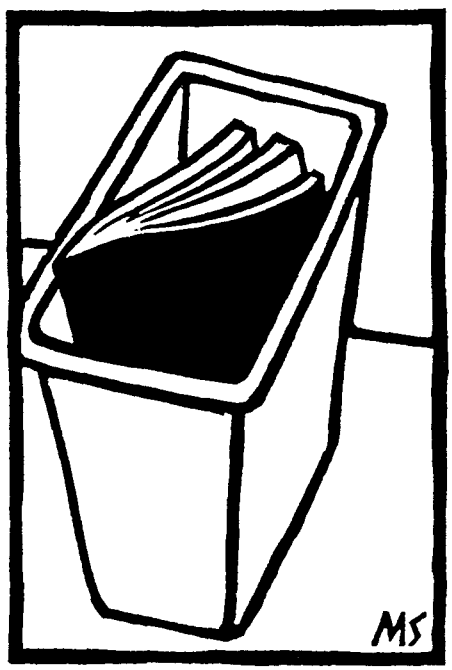
THE EVIL OF BANALITY

Richard Brookhiser

THE NEW YORKER has been with us for sixty years, 34 of them under the direction of Mr. William Shawn. That makes Mr. Shawn (who never appears in print without his honorific) America's longest-tenured editor-in-chief. He is also America's most-respected editor-in-chief, for reasons that are widely known, even legendary. When Mr. Shawn receives a manuscript, he is back to his writer, with his comments, the next day. He is thorough, solicitous, unfailingly polite. Mr. Shawn's writers don't produce stories, as if they were factories; they are encouraged to nurture them, as if they were ewes. Why then does his magazine stink?

The stories that greeted *The New Yorker*'s recent change of ownership covered every other aspect of the magazine—industry gossip on details of the sale; the fears and anxieties of the employees; the eccentricities of the magazine's operation. Everything, except the central fact that confronts the reader, week after week: the boring, annoying, impenetrable waste of time *The New Yorker* has become. Not a total waste (nothing ever is). That, no doubt, is what keeps us going; charmed by a caption, or a filler, or the fussy look of the thing, we continue to hope, against all the evidence of experience, that it will get better. It never does. Its dullness has moral, as well as aesthetic consequences. This is a reader's cry of pain.

The single feature of *The New Yorker* that gives consistent pleasure is its cartoons. (That makes *The New Yorker* one of the two major magazines in America, along with *Playboy*, that is read for its illustrations.) The talking dogs and cats, the cocktail parties, the businessmen at their big desks, the same businessmen newly arrived in Heaven or (more often) Hell—the cartoons are like *Honeymooners* reruns, always the same, always hilarious. Ten years ago, William Hamilton was the funniest cartoonist in America. He caught a type—young people of the upper middle class, formerly rebellious, but returning, in the mid-Seventies, to their roots—years before the *Official Preppie Handbook* was published. My favorite Hamilton showed a smiling group of four at a cocktail party. "Did I meet you," said one—he was still wearing a mustache and modest sideburns—"at the March on the Pentagon, or at the Essex hunt?" The up-to-the-minute cartoonist nowadays seems to be Edward Koren, whose Upper West Side/academic types, indistinguishable from the monstrous furry animals they keep, are slightly less well-off, slightly less sold-out, and much wackier. Look for someone to label them about 1991.



There may be a formal reason for the cartoons' excellence. A cartoon usually consists of a single panel, occasionally subdivided, no larger than a page. The longest captions never go longer than a short paragraph. As a result, the cartoon must be a hit-and-run form—terse, lively, typical.

Beyond the cartoon's four corners, things quickly disintegrate. Starting at the back of the book (let us save the worst for last), one finds the book reviews of John Updike. Updike the critic gives the safe opinion, sanely expressed. Of him it may be said, by way of both blame and praise, that he is not Ezra Pound; he won't discover the next T. S. Eliot; but he also won't fall for Social Credit.

What can be said of Pauline Kael? The most ferocious attack on her movie reviewing appeared several years ago in *The New York Review of Books*, by Renata Adler, another *New Yorker* contributor. It was, in some ways, an ideal *New Yorker* piece, for Miss Adler made her point by assembling a list of a few hundred of Miss Kael's favorite adjectives and adverbs —"trashy," "campy," "garbagey," etc., etc. Since these words are inherently meaningless, Miss Adler argued, Miss Kael must be meaningless as well. *Q. non E. D.* Miss Kael's writing *is* vulgar; on the other hand, that makes it about the liveliest in the magazine.

Andrew Porter, the music reviewer, takes us closer to the alkaline springs of *The New Yorker*'s sterility. There are three kinds of bad music criticism: enthusiasm; archaeology; and theory. The first reduces Chopin to Poland and moonlight; the second concentrates on the thickness of his piano strings; while the third analyzes the G double sharp in measure 25 that is recalled five pages later by the enharmonic A natural. Porter practices the second form, with excursions into the third. He knows everything about the history of music, and he repeats it in every issue. He is remorseless, implacable. Sometimes the flow of his pedantry coalesces into a coherent argument: A few years ago, for instance, he asked the nagging question, Suppose Beethoven's metronome markings were taken seriously? Mostly, though, we get the excitement of regurgitated performances: This *Don Carlo* was like last year's, though unlike renditions I heard in 1972 and 1957 (three years from now, the current performance will have

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been added to the backfile). It is like thumbing through a scrapbook of old Met programs.

The true wasteland of minutiae is the middle of the book. A portion of *The New Yorker*'s core is devoted to fiction, and a small portion of that is the work of good, if repetitive, writers: Isaac Bashevis Singer's thousandth story about Polish cabalists, Laurie Colwin's hundredth story about adultery (I wonder sometimes about *Mr.* Colwin. "Great story, dear . . . ah, is there something you want to talk about?") The bulk of the fiction belongs to the genre of Epiphanies of Sensitive Young Women; in Josh Gilder's words, small stories that get smaller and smaller as they go along. Something has to be small, to leave room for the nonfiction. In these novel-length think-pieces, these dictionary-length articles, these encyclopediac series—four pieces on asbestos; Ved Mehta on all his cousins, or the population of India, whichever lasts longest—detail takes over. They are the Gobi, the Sahara. Boundless and bare, the lone and level sands of information stretch far away.

Not all of this information is necessarily uninteresting, and all of it is guaranteed to be factual. Accuracy is *The New Yorker*'s proudest boast. The magazine maintains a paddockful of fact checkers whose duty it is to comb every story for imprecisions. If you report that someone ran up a flight of a dozen steps, they will visit the building and advise that the steps number 13. If you describe a character buying American cigarettes in Paris in such and such a year, they will investigate and discover that there was a strike among the French distributors of that particular brand, which made it unavailable at that time. (I have both stories on the authority of the authors involved; anyone with journalistic connections can add two or three of his own.) What is lost in the hoarding of facts is proportion. With proportion go a number of other things—good writing, primarily; also common sense, and truth.

Consider the magazine's coverage of the last election.

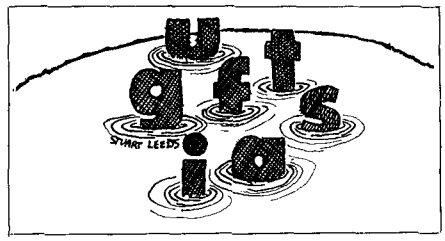
> [The candidate] wore a jacket, shirt, and tie, a pattern of statesmanlike conventionality on a night when everybody off the platform was coatless and tieless. The tie itself was a quiet pattern of inkblots against an olive and pearl background. . . . "We got a wonderful climate," he said, and paused to wipe the sweat from his face with a handkerchief soaked in Coca-Cola, which he poured from a bottle out of a bucket of ice handed to him by one of the lesser candidates on his ticket. The bugs soaring up at the edge of the lighted area and converging on the floodlights formed a haze as thick as a beaded curtain.

That is a specimen of *The New Yorker*'s political reporting. Unfortunately, it comes from the coverage of the 1960 Louisiana gubernatorial race by A. J. Liebling. The 1984 presidential race was handled by Elizabeth Drew.

> Little Rock, Arkansas. The chartered DC-9 in which we have been traveling —carrying 13 Mondale staff members as well as the candidate, 33 reporters, and 11 still photographers, members of television crews, and television producers—arrived here early this evening. Mondale also has Zell Miller, the Lieutenant Governor of Georgia, and Ned McWherter, the Speaker of the House of Tennessee, traveling with him, and he introduces them at his various stops.

The process of creation is as plain as a fileted fish. From the reporter's notes, to her word processor, to the fact checkers—does Zell have two l's? McWherter two e's? count the reporters (how did they manage to overlook the TV crewmen?)—and so to the exquisitely printed page. And if anyone involved in the process had had any thoughts or feelings about Miller, McWherter, Arkansas, airplanes, or Mondale, the result might even have been readable. *Facts on File* would have done it better; a court reporter could have done as well. Mrs. Drew's plane flight may be a trivial passage, as trivial as Liebling's swarm of insects. But the trouble with Mrs. Drew's kind of writing is that it makes everything trivial. Her candidate and Liebling's both go on to give speeches. But we care about what Liebling's will say; Mrs. Drew's gets a yawn. (To think that Mr. Shawn was once Liebling's editor.)

Facts were not the only things being retailed in Elizabeth Drew's stories.



Her own politics are liberal, and she inserted them into her featureless accounts in ways that were both sly and stupid.

> "Grenada [she quoted George Bush at the Dallas convention] was a turning point for democracy in this hemisphere and a proud moment in the history of this country." (This morning's *Dallas Times-Herald* had a banner story headlined GRENADA VOTERS MAY UNDO U.S. INVASION. The story says, "As the unelected interim government that has ruled Grenada since October moves toward setting a date for elections to replace the Marxist regime deposed by the invasion, Grenadians and U.S. officials fear that the balloting may merely reinstate one of the extremist parties associated with the political turmoil of the past decade." It says that the Grenadian Hotel Association, among others, has asked for a postponement of the election.) Bush ends on an upbeat note.

This is sly, because Mrs. Drew smuggles in an argument as a quotation (don't look at me, I'm just reading the *Times-Herald*). It's stupid, because the argument—that Grenada was a flop, and Bush won't admit it—rests on such diddley-squat evidence. (Are we supposed to change foreign policies every time a story appears in the Dallas papers? Has anyone, even *The New Yorker*'s fact checkers, heard a peep out of the Grenadian Hotel Association recently?)

The fact is, facts prove nothing. The relations of facts, and their relations to what we want, prove everything. But in order for those relations to be calibrated, writers must employ the tools of discrimination, and expression. This is the evil of banality: In *The New Yorker*'s columns nothing can be distinguished; neither desires nor principles can honestly raise their heads.

That is why the thoughts of *New Yorker* writers, when they occur, are so confused, wrongheaded, or irrelevant. When they are detached from accompanying masses of fact, as in "The Talk of the Town," they rise off the page in flatulent weightlessness. In three successive issues this February, we were told: that the Bahais of Iran were being persecuted (true), a situation that might be remedied by Senate ratification of the Genocide Convention (silly); that the Jaruzelski regime, trying the murderers of Father Popieluszko (its own minions), "faced a version of the dilemma that President

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Nixon and his aides faced when the Watergate burglars were first brought to trial" ("the Polish crime," *The New Yorker* noted, in passing, "was, of course, more serious . . ."); finally, that the Bhopal chemical explosion "was Three Mile Island all over again" (give or take a few thousand corpses). The Bhopal leader went on to say that "what truly grips us" in accounts of disaster "is not so much the numbers as the spectacle of suddenly vanishing competence." I decided that the only vanishing competence I could see was *The New Yorker*'s; I haven't read "The Talk of the Town" since.

If it improves, let me know. I'll be flipping through the cartoons. □

TELEVISION

THE YELLOWING OF TV JOURNALISM

Aram Bakshian Jr.

A FEW YEARS AGO, at a White House luncheon, I happened to be seated next to the president of a major television network, a cultivated, conscientious man who already had a number of distinguished independent commercial productions to his credit before he decided to turn network executive. Since the fellow in question remains at the helm and, to the limited extent his personal authority can make a difference, is still a champion of quality programs, he had best be nameless. What he had to say about his industry was anything but complimentary.

Given the proliferation of cable, satellite, public broadcasting, and an ever-wider array of video recordings catering to every specialized taste, Mr. X argued, network television had nowhere to go but downhill. He spoke wistfully and rather resignedly, between spoonsful of insipid cold asparagus soup, as if dealing with an historical inevitability as unstoppable as it was undesirable. As everyone with a minimum of taste and pocket money was skimmed out of the network market by special programming, features, and services, he said, the networks would be left with a large but distinctly down-market residuum. As the audience declined in quality, so too would advertising and programming, each of these phenomena accelerating the others.

At the time I recall thinking that, given the abysmally low level of commercial programs already, there was no way things could get worse. More fool I. In television, as in life, there is no limit to downward mobility; witness the yellowing of television journalism, most recently embodied in the new CBS magazine-format show, *West 57th*.

Those unfortunate enough to have viewed the first few installments of *West 57th* have seen the future—and it irks. If *60 Minutes* was conceived as the video equivalent of *Time* or *Newsweek*, *West 57th* combines the worst elements of the *New York Post* and *People* magazine, minus the former's sound editorial stance. The result is a video magazine that is more slimy than slick. Clearly, the boys and girls in marketing agree with Mr. X about audience trends; and where marketing leads, network programming follows.

Thus *West 57th*'s inaugural episode included segments of Lower Middle America's answer to Bruce Lee, karate-film star Chuck Norris; a junk-faith feature on Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, the Oregon-based, Rolls-Royce-collecting guru who, among other losers, has managed to proselytize Shannon Ryan, daughter of the late Representative Leo Ryan of Jonestown massacre fame; a particularly grotesque Hollywood heart-transplant story; and a stale reprise of the Marxist Ethiopian regime's abuse of rock-fan-financed food relief, co-starring Harry Belafonte. All of which led *Wall Street Journal* television critic George Higgins to remark wryly that he couldn't wait for the next installment, speculating that it might "tell about the lady impregnated by the alien, and how Elvis is alive and well in Auckland."

It is particularly sad to see this sort of yellow video journalism being practiced by CBS, a network that, for all its ideological lapses, has always led the news field when it comes to production values. Gravely erring as *60 Minutes* and other serious CBS news features have sometimes been in reporting the alleged failings of William Westmoreland, several Presidents, the nuclear-power industry, and other institutional muggees, they never stooped to low—and probably unconscious—comedy.

As that master of the aphorism, Sam Goldwyn, might have put it: "If Edward R. Murrow were alive today, he'd be spinning in his grave." □

DELECTATIONS

NOSTALGIC COOKING

Nika Hazelton

I'VE NEVER been able to decide if nostalgia is a first- or second- or third-rate emotion. First- and third-rate seem rather strong terms for what is essentially wooziness of mind, so we'll have to settle for second. This is also less debilitating for the multitudes in our midst who suffer from nostalgia.

Today nostalgia is making a comeback. Confining our inquiry to the food field, let us think about, or shrink away from, all the edibles peddled to us in the name of old-fashioned goodness, made with tender loving care, farm and/or garden freshness, and so on. (All the more remarkable since the greater the appeal to nostalgia, the more certain we can be that the item in question is the product of S*C*I*E*N*C*E. Products that are actually made the old-fashioned way keep their hideous out-of-dateness well under wraps.)

The nostalgia bug has also bitten the foodies. Regional and all-American cooking is the rage, and symposiums and festivals are devoted to learned discussions of the subject. I've never been to one of these symposiums, but I wonder if the stomach afflictions of olden days are discussed, when ulcers were the problem rather than the current curse of obesity. It seems to me that the foods invoked so nostalgically today must have been mostly filling, to be charitable about it. There may have existed cooks who knew and cared about what they cooked, but they were not the majority, I am sure. Take the famed pies of the past. How good can they have tasted when the farm wife baked at least a dozen of them in the course of the week? And the filling must have been scanty because fillings, even from apples, were not as plentiful or easy to come by as we like to think, being used to present-day supermarket abundance.

Then there were boiled dinners—

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THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

DESPITE ALL attempts by large portions of the media—what Richard Weaver in 1947 called the "Great Stereopticon"—to project their false cosmos upon the "revolving dome," the American public sees the threat of invasion (a/k/a "illegal immigration") clearly and whole, as is strongly suggested by recent polls. According to the Gallup poll, whose findings are largely reflected in other surveys, "the American public takes a hard line toward illegal aliens, with 75 per cent favoring . . . a law that would make it illegal to employ a person who has entered the United States without proper papers." It found that "the public . . . strongly supports a proposal requiring all U.S. citizens and permanent resident aliens to carry an identification card," and that a majority opposes granting amnesty to illegals currently in the country.

It has been ten years since Leonard Chapman, commissioner of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, declared that "illegal immigration is out of control," but Congress, for reasons of its own, has discovered a wide variety of excuses for doing little—if anything—to protect its citizens from the estimated two million illegals migrating each year to the United States. Meanwhile aliens threaten to seize political control in Texas, California, New Mexico, and Florida, while politicians on both sides of the border speak tauntingly of "reconquering" the American Southwest from the "Anglos."

The Immigration Time Bomb (The American Immigration Control Foundation, P.O. Box 11839, Alexandria, Va. 22312; $2.50), by Palmer Stacy and Wayne Lutton, is a superb recapitulation of what it is not perfervid to describe as a national crisis. Stacy, a graduate of the Duke University School of Law and a longtime aide to Senator John East (R., N.C.), and Lutton, an historian currently working as a policy analyst for The Summit in Manitou Springs, Colorado, have drawn upon an immense amount of information to argue not only for the feasibility of immigration control but for its absolute necessity, shoring up their case with reference to a large body of recent scholarship.

In 1980, 808,000 legal immigrants entered the United States; since then, the number of legals has been running at about 600,000 a year. At the same time, between one million and two million (the higher number is the more likely) *illegals* have found their way into the country each year. If current trends continue, by the year 2050, the total population of the U.S. will have grown from 226 million to almost 321 million (using the more conservative figure) or 414 million (using the more realistic): that is to say, an increase of between 95 million and 188 million in 65 years. And according to Dr. Leon F. Bouvier, a distinguished population expert, owing to the pattern of chain migration (that is, of immediate family —and some not so immediate—legally permitted to join naturalized or amnestied arrivals), in combination with the breeding habits of the largely Hispanic, Caribbean, and Asian immigrants, by the year 2050 post-1980 immigrants plus their descendants will account for 45.2 per cent of our total population (at the two-million-per-year rate), and 56.9 per cent by 2080. That is to say, *in less than a century more than half of America will be the Third World.*

EVEN AMONG some conservatives there is a tendency to regard the enforcement of current immigration laws and the passage of new ones as ungenerous and inhumane, and the Left would add "racist" to that indictment. And yet the United States—which would have, even if every reform offered in this book were made law, far and away the least restrictive immigration policies of any country in the world —simply cannot keep up with the fertility pressures in Africa, Asia, Latin America, and the Caribbean. Until the late 1960s or early '70s immigration to this country from south of the border amounted, relatively speaking, to little. Today, and in the near future, "hundreds of millions" of people—some of them prompted by their governments —will decide the U.S. is the place to go. Most of these will not be "political" refugees but "economic" ones, attempting not to escape from political persecution but simply to enjoy the American standard of living. We assuredly cannot take them all; and by not drawing the line now, we merely relieve the pressures deservedly felt by incompetent and corrupt governments, while in the long run swamping our own economy and standard of living as well as, in all likelihood, America itself as we know it.

According to Messrs. Stacy and Lutton, much of what is written and said about the behavior of recent immigrants to the U.S. is simply false. Particularly in respect of our Asian "refugees" (an increasing number of whom are young men wishing to escape military service at home) a stereotype has been created of mom-and-pop entrepreneurs who, having founded their small establishments, lead respectable lives, stay off the public-assistance rolls, and regularly pay their tax contributions. This type, while it of course exists, is, just as certainly, not typical. Stacy and Lutton offer evidence that illegal aliens cost the American public $25 billion a year: in terms of outrageous welfare and Social Security fraud, medical and education bills, crime, and the treatment of diseases not seen in the U.S. for years—not to mention jobs, often service and construction jobs, taken from U.S. citizens (the myth of aliens "creating" jobs being just that, as the authors grimly demonstrate). Moreover, they do not "melt" as earlier influxes of immigrants did (frequently they make no effort even to learn English), and when they do go into business for themselves they hire their own. The United States is no longer an adolescent country but a mature one; its economy, its political structure, and the cohesive tension of its society will not tolerate the pressures they will undoubtedly be subjected to if immigration reform is not effected.

By doubling to six thousand men the force of our border patrol along the Rio Grande we could secure that border at a price of less than $150 million—surely a negligible sum by Washington's cosmic standards. For another $40 million we could beef up the INS and introduce a computer-coded ID card; thus slowing the immigration tide to a trickle at a cost of around $200 million. Because, as Stacy and Lutton remark, if they can't get jobs here and they're likely to get caught, they just won't come. □

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strictly *faute de mieux* for tough meat, in my opinion. Old regional cooking may sound marvelous in the books, but even the highly popular and currently admired Cajun-Creole cuisine at its best has an awful lot of heavy artillery in it, to wit the lard and fats and flour that go into the roux that is the start of the famous gumbos and jambalayas.

I have often wondered what is more nostalgic, the memory of foods or the memory of their smells. As a sufferer from many more mental afflictions than I care to admit, nostalgia is not normally one of them. And yet the smell of hot olive oil cooking with minced parsley, onions, and garlic to make a *soffrito*, the beginning of so many Italian dishes, makes me ache for my Roman childhood. The same goes for the smell of simmering homemade chicken or beef broth, which used to pervade the Italian household before good bouillon cubes came on the market, and when the Italian housewife believed in the healing (physically and mentally) qualities of *il brodo*. Now *il dado* (the cube) turns up even in Italian cookbooks, let alone in the kitchens, and the belief in the curative virtues of *il brodo* is almost dead.

Ducks need a little puddle of water to wallow in, and mankind also needs its wallows; nostalgia is one of them. For a cook I think it most rewarding to gratify the culinary nostalgias of one's friends. Discovering these nostalgias is a lot of fun and brings frequent surprises about personalities as well. One day when discussing food nostalgia, a friend whose mother was a celebrated home cook of true Americana (biscuits, shortcake, chicken pot pie) declared with great vehemence (surprising, I may add, from this quiet soul) that her food nostalgia consisted of never, but never, having to eat what her mother cooked so well and so willingly. And don't believe for one minute that food nostalgia relates to good food. One of my sons feels the keenest nostalgia for the canned ravioli he adored in his childhood.

Cooks should cater frequently to the food nostalgias of the people they cook for. Discovering the favorite dishes of somebody's past and making them shows, as few gestures will, that one really cares for a person. Lasting friendships are created this way. One such relationship, very dear to me, was cemented with a superior dish of milktoast, which this man had been craving for a long time—yet even his charming *inamorata* never suspected this innermost need of the man she loved.

When you cook for somebody's nostalgia, remember that memory in general, and of foods in particular, is not necessarily realistic; the past is often recalled as better or worse than it actually was. To re-create a dish, you must re-create the memory of the dish rather than the authentic recipe. This means trying to find out what element of it triggers the nostalgia—it might be nutmeg or sage, the sweetness of corn, the crispness (or mushiness) of vegetables, the heat of a curry, the mushrooms in a stew, or what have you. In all such cases, do not follow your own cooking inclinations; remember you are cooking nostalgia, and the point is not to create a three-star dish, but to make joyful eating for the nostalgic. □

TRAVEL

THE HIGHLAND BELLE

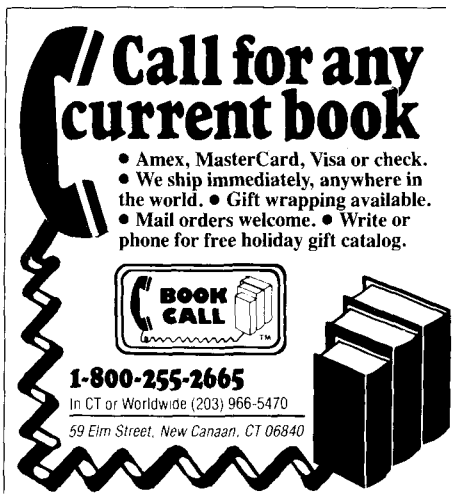
Schuyler Chapin

THE LATE Mrs. August Belmont, grande dame of the Metropolitan Opera, who died a few years ago at the age of 101, once told a reporter that a private train was "an acquired taste—one that is acquired immediately upon boarding." I am now in a position to state, with no hesitation whatever, that Mrs. Belmont was absolutely right. And how, pray, do I know this? I know it thanks to Gerald Morgan-Grenville of Crickhowell, Powys, Wales, and his *Highland Belle*, a two-car train available for charter travel throughout the Scottish Highlands. My wife and I—and four delightful traveling companions—chartered the *Highland Belle* for six days and nights during the last week in May and railroad-wandered over the Highlands, with our private sleeping car (it had been part of the Royal Train in 1939), our sitting-dining-observation car (the British refer to these as "balconies"), and from time to time our own engine, which we used whenever we weren't attached to regularly scheduled British Rail passenger service. For a brief magic moment we luxuriated in an age long passed, when grand Victorian and Edwardian ladies and gentlemen and their American counterparts moved across Great Britain and the United States in the land yachts known as private railway carriages.

I started out feeling a little guilty about all this rented opulence, but after perhaps the second minute I remembered Oscar Wilde's comment about some not quite proper gentleman who "thinks with the Liberals and eats with the Tories." For those six days I decided to be that gentleman and totally at my ease.

And ease it was as we traveled over some of the most breathtakingly beautiful, and still unspoiled, scenery in all of Europe—through glens and valleys and mountain passes, across lochs and meadows with vast views of snow-capped peaks, of yellow fields of rape and deep green swaying stands of barley, and on toward the sea and the Hebrides.

I must confess that I had a brief moment of trepidation about the ultimate success of this voyage when we first arrived at Queens Station in Glasgow. Queens Station is innocuous and a bit grimy in the way of most modern railway stations, and it has absolutely none of the Edwardian splendor that my mind conceived as essential to our purpose. I suddenly wondered what I was going to do if the train turned out to be decrepit and dirty and served by a surly and uncaring staff. Then I spotted our two cars, attached to the rear of that day's 16.50 (4:50 P.M.) train to Fort William, gateway rail stop for the Highlands. They were polished and gleaming. As we boarded we were greeted by our train staff, who stowed our luggage in a flash and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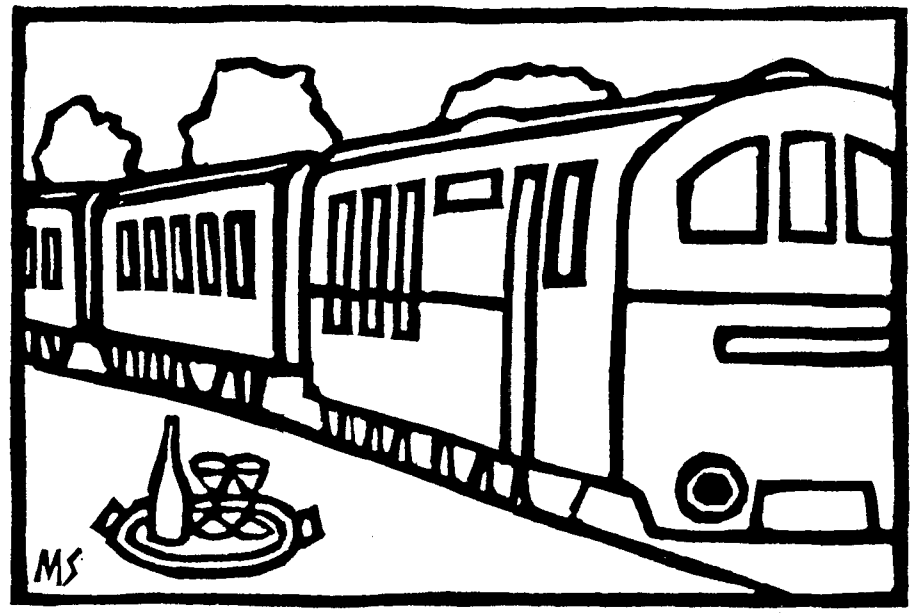
presented us immediately with a delicious tea complete with hot, dripping scones and fruitcake. I knew my worries were unnecessary.

And indeed they were, as we were swept up by our capable train director, Gerald Davie, and his crew, consisting of our cook, a waitress-chambermaid, a railman who watched over the technical condition of the cars, and an automobile driver. He was along to meet us and then promptly disappeared into his Toyota van to drive on ahead in order to pick us up at various stations for local sightseeing.

As we pulled out of the station and began passing through the dreary suburbs of Glasgow we sorted out our sleeping-car arrangements. The car itself consisted of four compartments, each with its own washbasin; two bathrooms with full-length tubs; and a sitting room that had been temporarily converted into a double bedroom. We were told that the car, having been built for the Royal Family, had one compartment that had obviously been for a royal and three others for ladies-and/or gentlemen-in-waiting. All had gigantic closets that could hold enormous wardrobes. The former sitting room, which my wife and I occupied, had two very comfortable regular land-based beds, but because of the historic nature of the car the room was only equipped with temporary washing facilities, rather like those to be found on an elegant safari. The sitting-dining-observation car had been built in 1920 for Sir Henry Thornton, an American by birth and a railroader who had presumably built it for his own use while racing up and down his railroad properties in Great Britain. Both cars are part of a large collection of rolling stock belonging to a Scots impresario collector, the Right Honorable William McAlpin. McAlpin's collection also includes a number of steam engines, and the whole shebang is organized into a living museum called Steamtown.

Our travel plan called for rail stops at major points in the Highlands, including Fort William, Mallaig, Perth, Inverness, and Kyle of Lochalsh; from these various towns we would take side trips by automobile and ferry, to such glorious out-of-the-way western islands as Eigg and Rhum and parts of Skye. All actual traveling was done during the day; in the evenings our cars were placed on sidings, and with



the exception of two early-morning departures we were never under way while sleeping or during meals.

And those meals! Our attractive young cook had studied her profession in France, and no matter what she prepared, be it a typical English breakfast, a picnic lunch, tea, or dinner, she rated at least three stars a day. The high point was, of course, dinner, and each evening a new hand-lettered menu card was passed around for our approval.

In honor of what we hoped would be some spiffy living on this trip we decided on our own to pack evening clothes, and on our second night out, while tucked away on a back platform at the station in the tiny fishing village of Mallaig, after an exhausting, wet, exciting day visiting Kinloch Castle on the island of Rhum, we all took advantage of the bathtubs and emerged for cocktails and dinner in black tie and long dresses. The train crew were momentarily stunned, to say nothing of the passersby on the station platform, but we rose above the curious glances. Scotland, as the song goes, may be "brave" but we were courageous. Our crew took to the idea immediately, however, and the next night presented themselves in appropriate clothing of their own. Queen Victoria would have approved.

And the menus? How about one night with cock-a-leekie soup, stuffed trout with mustard and caper butter, courgettes and fresh spinach noodles, salad and cheese, and Scottish flummery for dessert; or another that started with soufflé-stuffed tomatoes followed by Scottish salmon with sorrel sauce and braised lettuce hearts, salad and cheese, and burnt caramel mousse with mocha sauce? Sybaritic, you say? Luxurious? Absolutely. And every moment a pleasure.

During our stay in Inverness we were parked not on a siding but rather at a center platform in the main station. We were there, as it happened, on a Saturday when a number of local trains were heading out to Kyle of Lochalsh filled with day-trippers bound for Skye. We had just returned from that enchanting island and listened with amusement as the female voice over the station loudspeakers was urging passengers to Kyle to "hurry along to platform six." My suggestion to any of you reading this report is to "hurry along" to Frontiers International in Wexford, Pennsylvania, and find out if there is still time to book onto the *Highland Belle.*

You can take it from Mrs. Belmont and me. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Dizziest Season, by G. H. Fleming (Morrow, 320 pp., $15.95)

PROFESSOR FLEMING here does for the 1934 National League pennant race what he did for the 1908 race in *The Unforgettable Season* (1981), and with the same happy result. He recreates the entire season, from the St. Louis Cardinals' point of view, with contemporary newspaper accounts by such classic sportswriters as Dan Daniel, Grantland Rice, Damon Runyon,

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and Westbrook Pegler, most of whom were attempting with varying degrees of success to break away from the baroque manner of their 1908 counterparts—in other words, trying to write the English language as it is spoken. The race itself, widely considered the hottest since 1908, pitted the Cardinals against the New York Giants, whose manager, Bill Terry, predicted victory at the beginning of the season and asked, in reply to a question about where the Dodgers would finish, "Is Brooklyn still in the league?" The question would haunt him at season's end, when, in desperate need of two more victories, the Giants played Casey Stengel's Dodgers, and lost. At the beginning of the year, Cardinal ace Dizzy Dean made a prediction of his own: that he and his brother Paul would win between 45 and fifty games —and despite several impromptu strikes during the season for more money, they combined to win 49, plus all of the team's victories against the Tigers in the World Series, which St. Louis took in seven games. Professor Fleming supplements the newspaper reports with explanation and observation, the latter by turns valid—on the bloated salaries of today's players—and irrelevant: "Unlike most of their modern counterparts, the major-league managers of 1934 all had been, or were still, outstanding players." So what if Sparky Anderson played only one season in the majors, during which he hit .218? He is one of the best managers today, whereas slugger Ted Williams did not have much luck when he led the Washington Senators. General Grant did not exactly excel in the field before he took command. JOE MYSAK

The Nazi Legacy: Klaus Barbie and the International Fascist Connection, by Magnus Linklater, Isabel Hilton, and Neal Ascherson (Holt, Rinehart, 354 pp., $17.95)

THERE HAVE already been at least two full-length books on this subject, and a third is due soon. Is there really any justification for yet another memorial in the Holocaust Hall of Infamy? The Eichmann case has rendered the scenario all too familiar: criminal behavior, long-nursed outrage by recipients, tentative tracing of escapee, eventual capture, triumphant return with prize to the court of world opinion. If the scenario does in fact still hold appeal, then this well-paced treatment could hardly be bettered. The joint effort of a group of English journalists, it tracks Barbie's spoor meticulously from his birth all the way to his current prison cell in Lyons, France, and does so against a skillfully limned background of international affairs. Despite the book's subtitle, "Fascism" is never defined (its essence frets the academicians, too); but the authors do seem to have found no essential distinction among it, Nazism, and Communism—a conclusion many citizens arrived at years ago. Suffice it to close with this vignette: After massively interrogating a certain prisoner, "Barbie strolled over to a piano a few steps away and, with his gloved and bloody hands, played a few bars of the song, '*Parlez-moi d'amour.*' "

CURTIS CARROLL DAVIS

Smart Women, by Judy Blume (Putnam, 316 pp., $15.95)

JUDY BLUME'S third novel for grown-ups (she has also written 13 highly successful juveniles) is an astringent chronicle of the Age of the Second Marriage, Colorado Division. The protagonist is a forty-year-old divorcee who falls in love with the ex-husband of a close friend, thus precipitating nervous breakdowns, a general collapse of domestic tranquillity, and—rather unexpectedly but quite convincingly—a happy ending. Miss Blume is no Alison Lurie, but she has a pleasingly cold eye for the lurid details of life among the hot tubs; not surprisingly, she includes several effective scenes told from the point of view of the adolescent daughters of the divorcees in question. Less pleasing is the apparent absence of any clearly developed sense of morality on the part of any of the characters; Miss Blume is a very discreet narrator, and one inevitably wonders exactly what she thinks of these smart women and their bright, empty lives. Still *Smart Women* is a promising piece of work—especially considering that it came from the typewriter of the woman who wrote *The One in the Middle Is the Green Kangaroo.*

TERRY TEACHOUT

COXE

(Continued from page 40)

around the American boycott. After promising a clean-up of the bloated and interventionist civil service, Mulroney slashed no jobs and kept key Trudeau supporters in top posts. Despite firm pledges of a free vote in the House on capital punishment, Mulroney continues to defer the issue, knowing it would lead to both reimposition of the rope, and outraged newspaper editorials.

A committee set up to consider Canadian participation in Star Wars was stacked with opponents. Its cross-Canada public hearings found time for nearly every leftist and appeasement group, while rationing anti-Communist representation severely. Although a national poll reported that 53 per cent of Canadians favored involvement in the SDI, the carefully manipulated "attempt to get public input" was used to suggest that support was a minority position.

At the Shamrock Summit, Mulroney and Reagan pledged themselves to work for free trade between their nations, whose trade with each other already outpaces their trade with any other countries in the world. That remains the Reagan position, despite a groundswell of protectionism in Congress. Mulroney now waffles, responding to protests from self-styled "Canadian nationalists," who wail that free trade will mean an American takeover. These defenders of Canada turn out to be the same groups that oppose Canadian defense expenditures, since the latter are directed toward NATO and implicitly against the Soviets.

Having abandoned the causes and constituencies that won him the Tory leadership over the liberal Joe Clark, Mulroney now seems intent on abandoning also the majority of voters who wanted a realistic, pragmatic approach. Joe Clark lost his brief hold on power through being indistinguishable from the Liberals. Those who assumed Mulroney had learned from that pitiful performance feel more than just disappointment. In the past month, I've talked to dozens of Tory loyalists, from all branches of the party. Without exception, they blame Mulroney for the current malaise.

After years in the desert, the Tories were only too ready to embrace a leader who promised to part the Red Sea. They may not stay loyal long to a prophet whose ideas of friendly compromise extend to equal time for Ra and Jehovah. That distant dust is getting closer. □

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CASTRO'S TERRIFIC IDEA

NEW YORK, SEPT. 9

FIDEL CASTRO, you will have noticed, is on a high, and few highs are higher than Fidel Castro's, because he has inexhaustible energy and is a born moralizer. What he is up to at the present time is especially piquant. He is advising Latin American creditors to repudiate their debt to the United States.

Few ideas have greater appeal than this one. There is nothing so appealing as rationalization. I remember a professor in my youth who one day carefully explained to me that although a believing Christian, he did not need to repent his nonstop fornication because, you see, he was engaged intellectually in endeavors pleasing to the Lord, and his output was irretrievably dependent upon regular sexual release. Uh-huh. Apropos of such reasoning I note that the clinical psychologist Stanton E. Samenow, author of *The Criminal Personality*, remarks in his new book, "From my clinical observation, I have concluded that 'kleptomaniacs' and 'pyromaniacs' are simply people who enjoy stealing or setting fires."

The line Fidel Castro is peddling, in speech after speech, seminar after seminar, goes as follows: The American banks that, during the past decade or so, lent money so heavily to Latin America, in particular to Mexico, Brazil, and Argentina, were in fact engaged in acts of imperialism. Under the circumstances, he explains, smiling, the debts to the American banks really don't count—for the simple reason that you do not need to pay money to bourgeois criminals. Moreover, any efforts to repay those sums means austerity for innocent people. Under the circumstances, Latin American governments have a social responsibility to repudiate their debt. We are talking, ladies and gentlemen, about, oh, $300 billion.

Now this comes during a season in which Latin America is gravely suffering. In part for natural reasons, in part for reasons that, paradoxically, had something to do with easy credit during the Seventies. When President Echeverría was inaugurated in 1970, Mexico's debt was approximately $5 billion. Ninety-five billion dollars later, Mexico is impoverished. Unemployment has risen, the population has grown, inflation is disastrous: and the plight of the working man is acute. Granted the stunning scale of official Mexican graft and ineptitude, still it is mind-boggling that so many dollars should have caused so much harm.

The experience—in Mexico, in Brazil, in Argentina—tends to bear out the scholarly researches of such as Thomas Sowell, Charles Murray, George Gilder, and Tom Bethell. These scholars say it in various ways, but most directly it is Tom Bethell who concludes that the entire postwar venture of aid to other countries, whether extended by governments or by banks, has had negative effects. The key to economic progress is the absolute sanctity of property. Property is the universal victim of politics. Lord Keynes reminded us that it is only government that can debauch the currency. Nothing that a Mexican entrepreneur can do is proof against inflation, taxation, or even expropriation. Money flowing in from whatever quarter tends to excite those instincts in government most hostile to economic stability, and to growth. So that what Fidel Castro tells us, although it is entirely wrongheaded and, in his hands, merely the extrusion of Marxist dogma, is in a paradoxical sense correct: American money has contributed to the despoliation of Latin America.

THERE IS a sense in which what Castro is saying is redundant. Peru has already suggested the line most Latin American countries are inclined to take: namely, limiting payments to a (small) percentage of exports. Alan García, the new president of Peru, has told the United States that he intends to repay Peruvian loans with 10 per cent of export sales. It must be a wonderful feeling to become the president of an independent country. You tell your banker what payments you will make, and when.

There are consequences in all of this, of course. They are that it becomes impossible to borrow any more money. What if Peru decided tomorrow that it needed $100 million with which to construct a dam?

Exactly. No banker is likely to step forward. And in the absence of easy credit, Peru may consider alternative means of stimulating production. Meanwhile, Professor Castro can continue to keep his deteriorating economy from utterly impoverishing his people by simply spending Soviet money, which subsidizes much of Cuba, and all of Castro. □

A VIEW FROM THE INSIDE

NEW YORK, SEPT. 6

THE MAILBAG continues heavy since I wrote that circumstances argue the legalization of drugs combined with massive public education. Congressman Charles Rangel of New York entered my last column into the *Congressional Record*, introducing it with a few paragraphs about the extent to which he opposes drugs: and then passed along the package with a covering letter urging me to rethink my conclusion in the matter. He writes: "My Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control has held many hearings on the subject of drug abuse and ways to control it. I assure you, our findings clearly show that legalization is not the solution you seek . . ." But neither in his letter, nor in his speech on the floor, does Congressman Rangel tell us what his committee has accomplished.

I don't know when the first of Mr. Rangel's meetings was held, but I wager with confidence that between then and now a) drug consumption has increased, b) drug-related crime has increased, and c) the price of drugs has come down. When the price of illegal drugs comes down, the market is telling you something as plain-spoken as the oscillations in the price of an airplane ticket: Competition is setting the price. When there is a reduction in the price of street drugs this means that our massive efforts to keep drugs out of the country are failing. When, a few years ago, we had all that telegenic chemical destruction of the marijuana crop in Mexico, the marijuana crop in Colombia promptly increased, pari passu. It's like wage and price controls.

Not all my correspondents are in Congress. One sits in Sing Sing, and he writes with that declarative vigor that cuts through much obfuscation. I quote him exactly: "You are 100 per cent correct and the people who wrote to you saying that you

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are wrong about legalizing drugs have no conception of what is going on in this country because of drugs.

"—85 per cent of the New York prison population is black or Hispanic.

"—75 per cent of the entire population in New York prisons and probably the whole country, are in because of drugs or drug-related.

"—The local junkie must steal every day of the week, in order to keep up his or her habit, they must steal $1,000 a day or more, in order to get $100 or $150.

"—Every junkie helps young people to start using junk, or pills, or mary-jane, or something to get them started, and the business escalates with new customers every day.

"—Marijuana is no different than alcohol. Excessive use will drive you crazy or kill you.

"—Cocaine is not addictive, rich man's toy.

"—All pills are dangerous.

"—Heroin is a killer and addictive.

"—The price and profit of dope is so high that honest people go into the business, who would never commit a crime, they take the place of those who get caught.

"—They say it takes $100,000 to build one cell.

"—They say it takes $40,000 to house one inmate [for one year].

"—If you legalize all the drugs, the prisons would be almost empty, crime would be reduced by 75 per cent. Marijuana would be sold and taxed by the government, it would produce millions of dollars, to be used constructively.

"—As you know all this, supply and demand would kill the drug trade."

ONE NEEDN'T accept all the asseverations of the anonymous prisoner. But the ring of truth is there. The largest psychological obstacle remains the public notion that to legalize drugs is to pronounce benediction on them.

This isn't an entirely benighted idea. About a generation ago, Inland Revenue collectors in London decided the time had come to tax the whores, and so estimates were made of their income, and tax bills were sent out. These included forms, and under "profession," the disconsolate girls would put down such things as "hostess," or "companion," or "nurse." One girl wrote down carefully, "prostitute." A few weeks later her check was returned. His Majesty's government was not going to participate in the wages of sin.

Something of that attitude carries over into the notion of a tax on drugs. But the paradox is as easily penetrated as the proposition that because we permit the publication of *Hustler* magazine, we approve of reading that vile journal—which, by the way, we unblushingly tax. We are overdue for hard thought on this painful and divisive subject. □

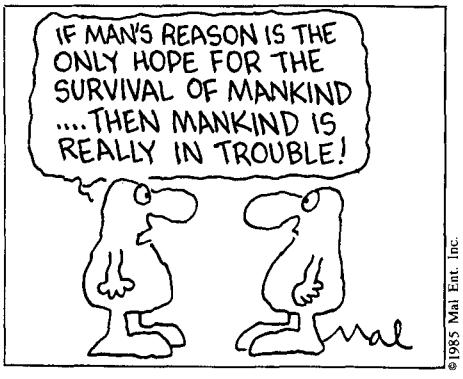
LIFE IN THE SEA

GROTON, CONN., SEPT. 2

WE ARE brought up on the maxim that eternal vigilance is the price of freedom, but it soon becomes boilerplate, and for the very good reason that most of us are not engaged in exercising such vigilance, except indirectly, via Internal Revenue, to which we dispatch every year 6 per cent of the gross national product with the mandate that the money go to our armed services. It is worth it to experience—however tangentially—what it is that the military does for us. In my own experience, even as a sometime infantry foot soldier, it is hard to rival the hardships of the men who staff our nuclear submarine fleet.

The *USS Boston* is an attack submarine, and if you are a member of its crew, you can expect to be at sea one-half of the calendar year. To be at sea needs here to be specially explicated: You are not really "at" sea, you are "in" the sea. Commander Riffer tells you that he likes it when you surface only to enter and leave your home port. The rest of the time he likes himself and his vessel entirely immersed in water. That way, they don't easily establish where you are. You never help them by sending radio signals. That is what the attack submarine is created to do: to roam the seas, within stipulated areas, for two, three months at a time.

They measure fuel, in a nuclear vessel, in terms of years' supply, as in, "The *USS Boston* has a 12-year supply of power." There is only the one limiting factor: food. Food for 118 men, who are served four times a day. That's about 15,000 meals per month. And stored food requires space. Space is very precious aboard a submarine that costs $670 million, so precious that a crew member (nine sailors share what is called a cabin, which would not pass inspection as suitable living quarters at Alcatraz) is permitted for his personal belongings two and one-half inches of space under his mattress, period. The captain's cabin would fit in a Pullman roomette, with space left over. What matters, besides the food, is the submarine's ability to carry a mix of very deadly space-consuming weapons: cruise missiles, and Mark 48 torpedoes, top-of-the-line stuff, and the propelling nuclear devices that take up two-thirds of the submarine's 360-foot length (the sub displaces 6,900 tons of water, draws 32 feet, and has a beam of 32 feet). After the missiles and the propulsive mechanism there is the computer world. Computers to navigate by, computers to reckon where and when to fire, computers to code and decode. And then, most critically, the sonar room, where virtuosos listen and, with the aid of the loops and whorls of remote sounds, discern the fingerprints of friend or foe, and act accordingly.



"They've been telling you for years," says Admiral Williams, the tough and amiable North Carolinian who commands the submarine group based at Groton, "about the transparent ocean. Well, it's not transparent yet." The admiral is reminding us that our submarine fleet is the one member of the triad whose every movement is not readily traceable. The enemy knows where our land-based missiles are, and his radar will tell him when our bombers approach. But not yet the submarines. "And if it came to that," Commander Riffer adds, "the enemy would know that even if the submarine has to wait to fire, wait a day, maybe two, three days, it will eventually execute its orders, and fire." And if the enemy knows that that is likely to happen, the enemy behaves: to the extent that it can ever be said about the Soviet Union that it behaves. But we have been forty years without nuclear war, forty years with Western Europe, and Groton, Connecticut, still free.

Almost every enlisted man aboard is a highly skilled technician. Many officers signed up as students, junior year in college. Their college tuition is paid by the Naval ROTC for two years, in return for which they pledge five years to the submarine fleet, two and a half of these devoted to learning their specialties. Re-enlistment figures have been impressive.

It is a quite exacting life. Six hours on duty, 12 off duty: in cramped quarters, without family, without women. Why do they do it? It is hard to recall, in our jaded age, that there is still such a thing as esprit de corps, but nothing other than that could possibly account for life aboard a nuclear submarine: the sense that the work is most awfully important, contributing perhaps the decisive factor in maintaining a free country, to which the submarine returns from time to time; and maintaining the peace, which all of us, paying so relatively small a cost, enjoy. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

WILLIAM RUSHER:

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

CENTRAL KENTUCKY PHYSICIAN, 46, considered handsome, 5'11", divorced father, likes trivia, bridge, spectator sports, sedentary pastimes, and occasional travel. Wishes to meet attractive, Christian (any sect), politically conservative, relocatable lady (35-50) without young children for possible life together. Write NR Box 4157.

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PROPOSED SOCIAL DISCUSSION GROUP. *National Review* subscribers only. Cincinnati area. NR Box 4151.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Staple of any marching band — 155 193 29 6 43 174 94 77 202 124 / 63 110

B. Old Testament book — 207 17 199 158 185 69 191 95 175 3 / 52 141

C. Duty-bound — 86 194 146 34 179 7 136 68 122

D. Like a metronome — 18 151 111 130 51 79 163 62 178 99

E. Bow to the King — 173 161 48 13 30 109 126 214 87

F. Important number for any pianist (hyph.) — 180 116 135 184 39 76 70 21 149 92 / 166

G. Mugger's predecessor — 167 157 138 88 50 213 132 64 112 40

H. Intentionally misled — 195 32 139 1 60 78 200 170 91 152 / 114

I. Nickname of word U — 153 26 93 197 107 45 211 84

J. New Testament book — 140 24 4 121 164 61 198 44 101

K. Black birds' breeding ground — 127 176 97 215 31 160 66

L. Involuntary body movement — 81 190 102 150 14 55 133 38 118

M. Descriptive of a secret society — 128 20 96 115 196 142 47 171 5

N. Willy-nilly (Latin, 2 words) — 182 103 23 59 134 216 125 41 192 80 / 2 162

O. These, too, are part of the marching band — 105 33 205 172 57

P. Dagger handle — 143 56 98 183

Q. Reverberation — 201 27 120 72

R. Of a different kind — 65 117 10 165 82 37 209

S. How you enter — 83 148 203 106

T. "Great is your ____ in Heaven" (Matt. 5:12) — 129 89 156 22 186 208

U. Great place for a tea party — 75 144 12 42 187 104

V. Later — 204 11 71 28 169 145 210 90 113

W. Refuse — 49 188 123 67 16 85 168

X. Disaster area — 212 15 137 35 108 159

Y. A man in this often attracts the gals — 19 53 100 73 147 131 36

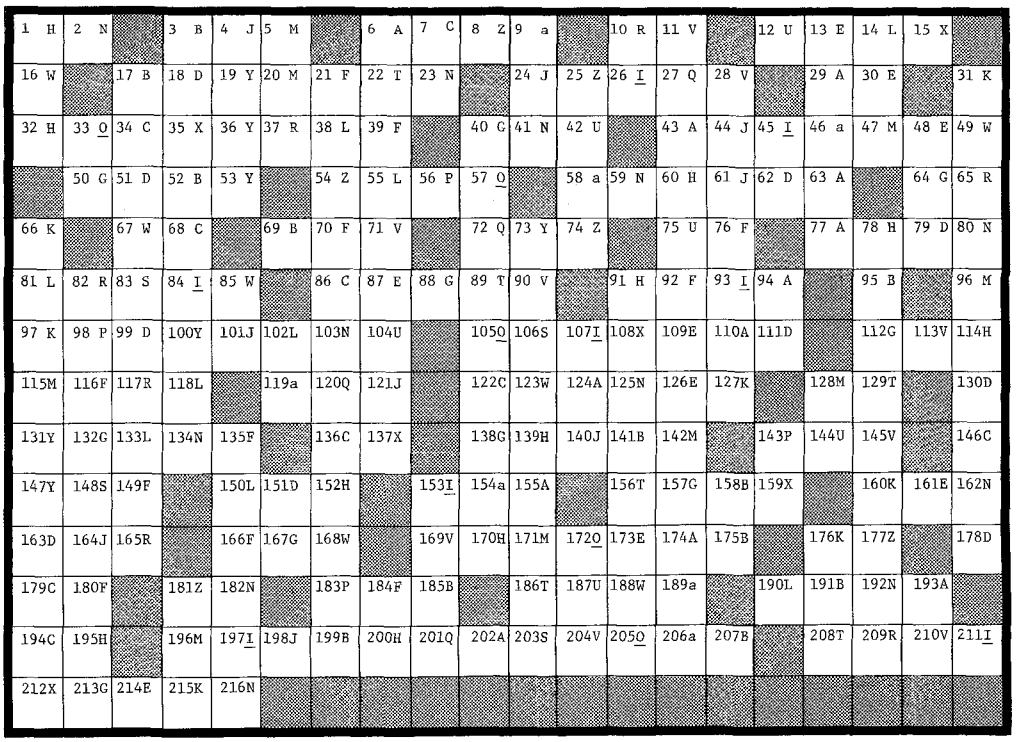
Z. Undersurface of an eave — 8 181 177 74 25 54

a. Tommyrot — 119 46 154 189 58 206 9

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 56 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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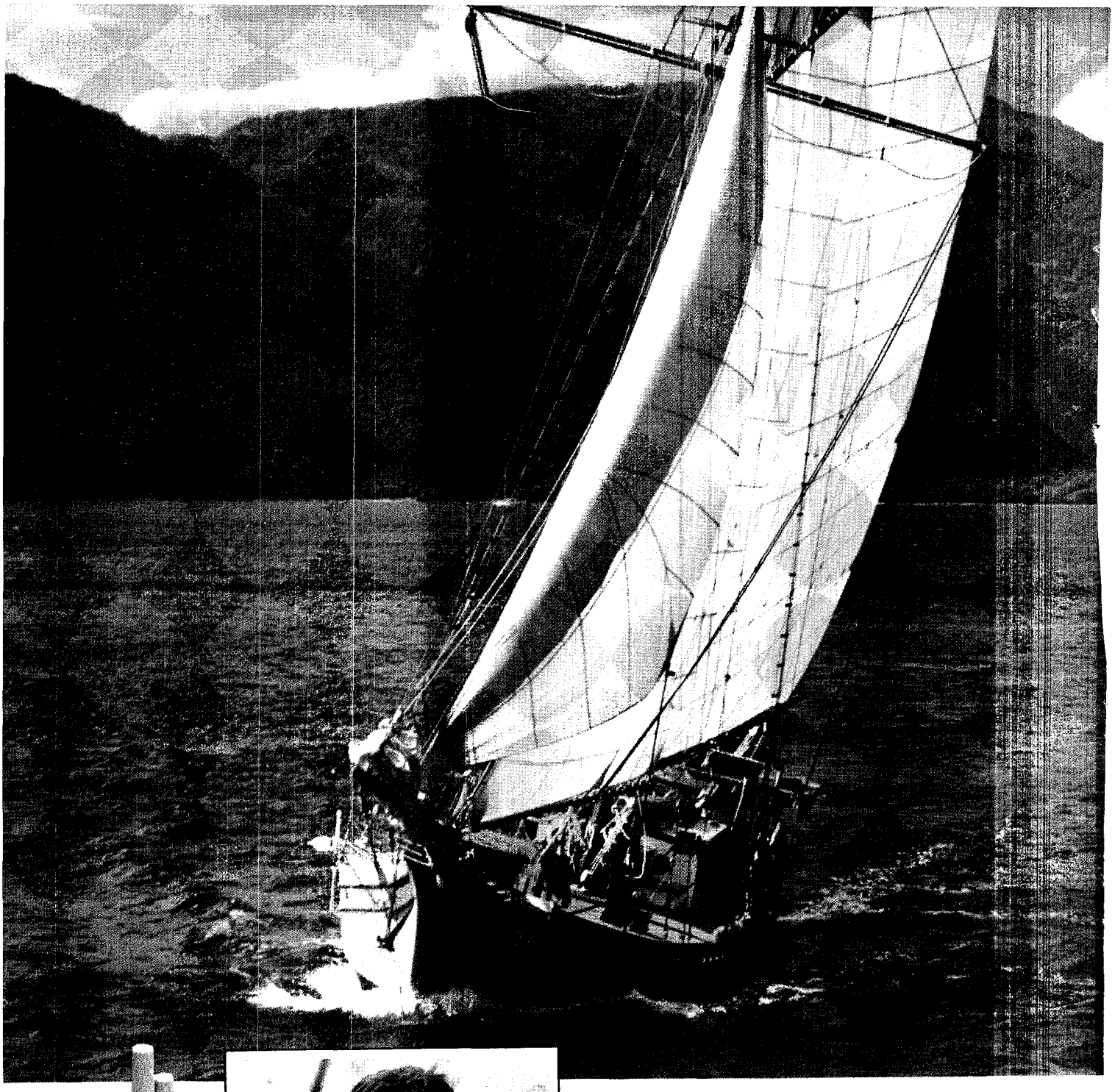

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